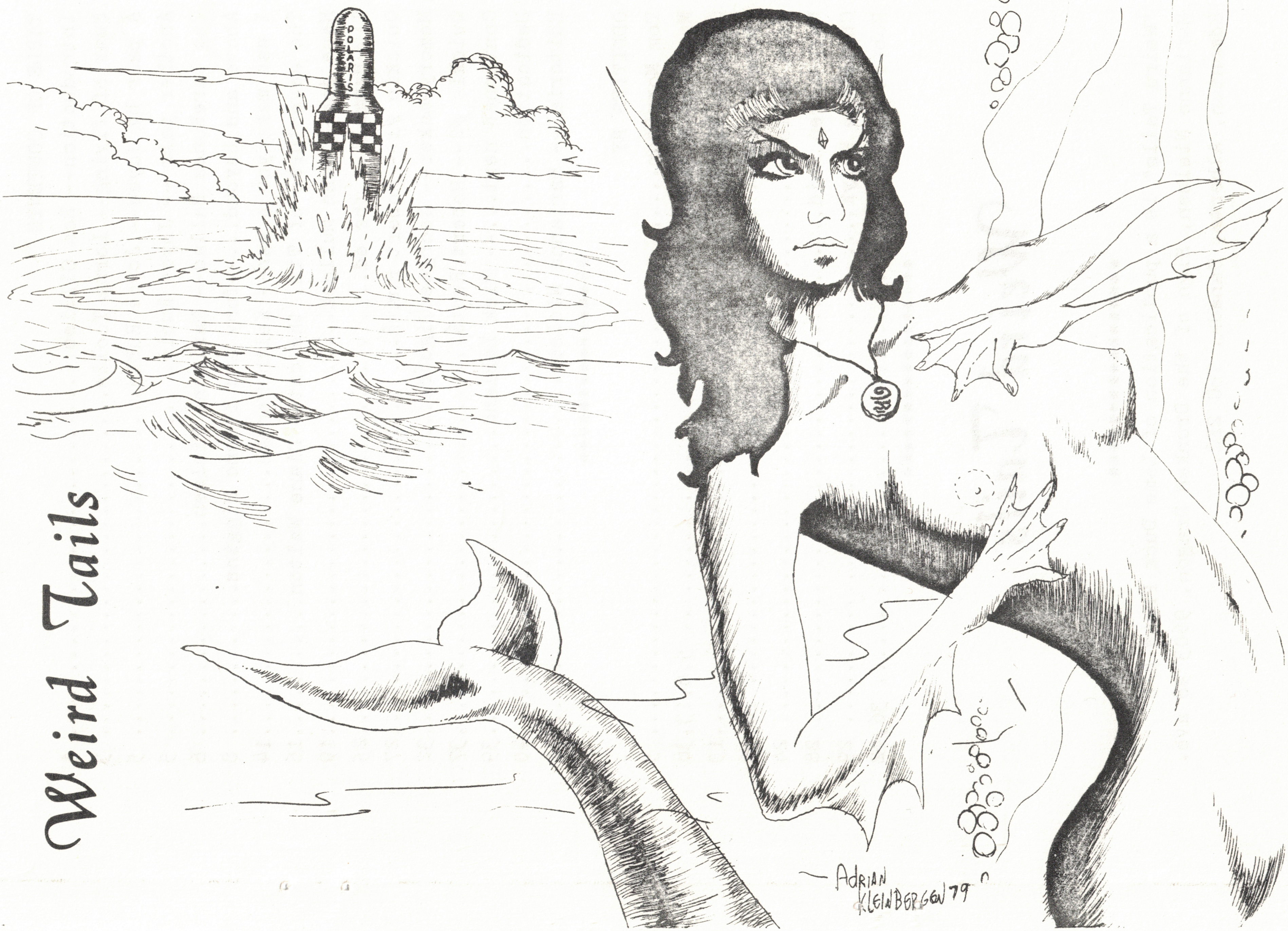
Weird Tails


POLARIS
Adrian Kleinbergen '79

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(Barry Kent Mackay illos courtesy of Mike Hall)

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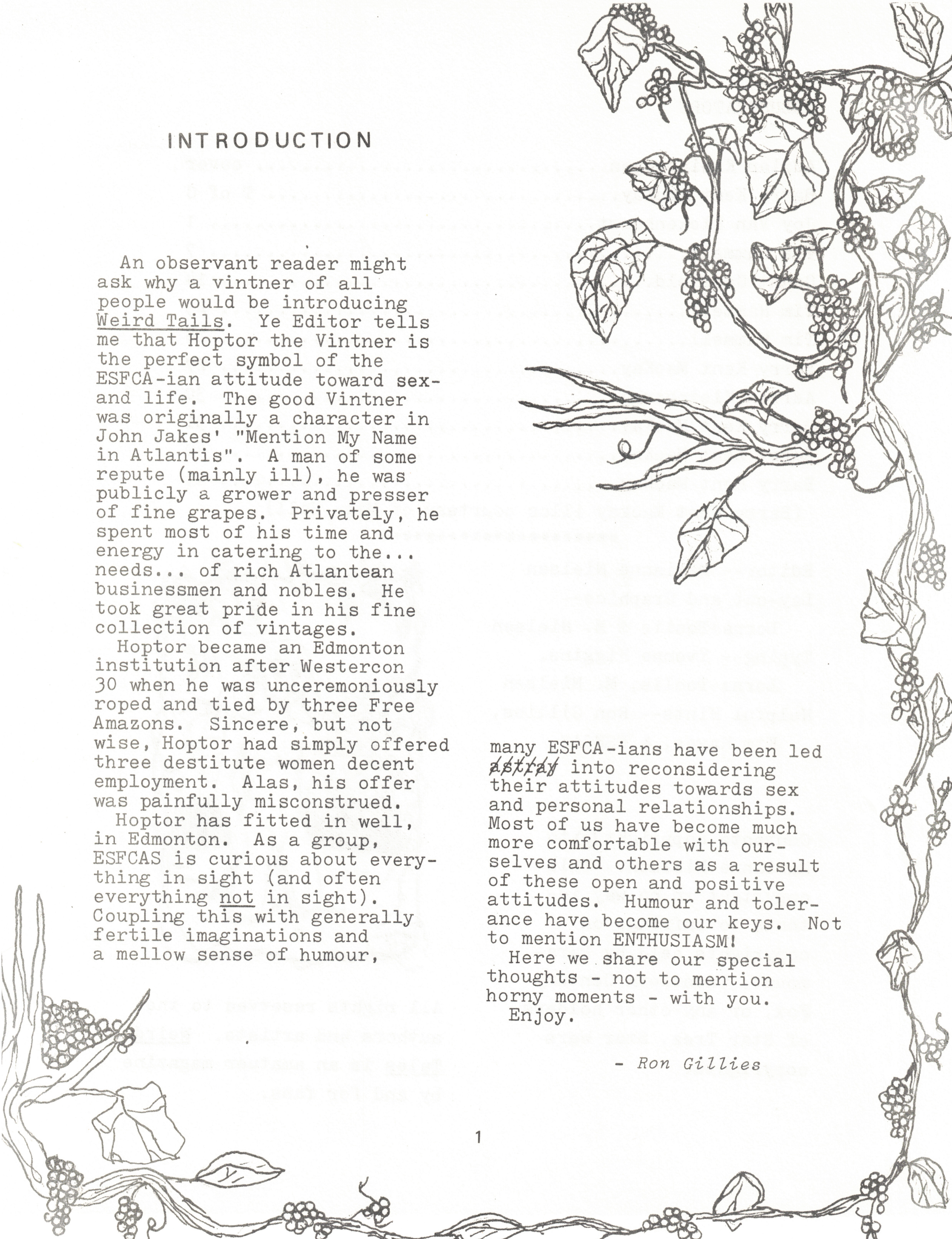
INTRODUCTION



An observant reader might ask why a vintner of all people would be introducing Weird Tails. Ye Editor tells me that Hoptor the Vintner is the perfect symbol of the ESFCA-ian attitude toward sex-and life. The good Vintner was originally a character in John Jakes' "Mention My Name in Atlantis". A man of some repute (mainly ill), he was publicly a grower and presser of fine grapes. Privately, he spent most of his time and energy in catering to the... needs... of rich Atlantean businessmen and nobles. He took great pride in his fine collection of vintages.

Hoptor became an Edmonton institution after Westercon 30 when he was unceremoniously roped and tied by three Free Amazons. Sincere, but not wise, Hoptor had simply offered three destitute women decent employment. Alas, his offer was painfully misconstrued.

Hoptor has fitted in well, in Edmonton. As a group, ESFCAS is curious about everything in sight (and often everything not in sight). Coupling this with generally fertile imaginations and a mellow sense of humour, many ESFCA-ians have been led ~~astray~~ into reconsidering their attitudes towards sex and personal relationships. Most of us have become much more comfortable with ourselves and others as a result of these open and positive attitudes. Humour and tolerance have become our keys. Not to mention ENTHUSIASM!

Here we share our special thoughts - not to mention horny moments - with you.

Enjoy.

- *Ron Gillies*

Fear of flying

- Lorna Toolis

"You should be aware that my species does not 'procreate' in public!" Danny snarled at his erstwhile friend and lover.

"I told you that things would be different when I brought you home to meet my parents. You said,'When in Rome...' and now you're acting like this. Danny, you're embarrassing me in front of all these people!" she said.

Seething, Danny looked at his lady, a lovely mass of golden feathers swirled into a cap on her head, overlaid a silvery-white down on the rest of her body and covered an eight foot wing spread. Gloriously beautiful, almost the only fault he had found in Masyl was a tendency to be a trifle ethnocentric, convinced that her planet possessed the only truly civilized lifestyle in the galaxy. 'Come home with me and meet my family, she says. Mutually compatible cultures, she says. Six weeks here at faster than light speeds and never one mention of a ritual public mating ceremony - until now.'

Aloud he said,"Look, I didn't mind coming here to meet your family, even though we're going to live a long, long, long way away. I enjoyed the sights - nesting places extending from cliff to cliff, mating dances 250 feet up, rookeries where the young are raised - all the appurtenances of an avian culture. Masyl, I really think you have a beautiful, exotic culture. But I don't mate in public. No way! Never!"

Masyl smiled and gently swept her wingtips over one of Danny's brown shoulders. "How was I to know that you would become so upset about such a thing? You didn't mind on the beach, or in your mother's closet - and there were people all around us those times. This is just a little different..."

"No!" he said, turning even redder than he already was.

Observing that he was red almost down to his elbows, Masyl tried to reassure him. "No one here will be embarrassed, dear. They all expect it. They'll all be very friendly - I remember when my Nestmate Jerast took his third wife, the audience tried to warn him that she was never going to be any damn good in bed - he wouldn't listen of course, but the Yalset Ceremony is supposed to be a learning experience, Danny." She finished in tones of patient, reasoned understanding, which trailed away as she noticed that Danny was not really paying attention. He was grappeling with the idea of making love to this gorgeous, golden creature in front of an audience that might cheer, heckle or even possibly come down and show him what to do.

No, no way. "I am not going to screw you in front of an audience of feathered voyeurs," he shouted,"I am taking the next ship home, and if you want to come, that's fine, and if you don't want to come..." he faltered, looking into her huge dark liquid eyes,".. if you don't want to come..." He started to try and explain his feelings. "Masyl," he tried to explain in gentle reasoned tones, "you know that when the males of my species get upset they can't.." I mean, I can't," he amended honstly,"get it up."

"But you have to, Danny," Masyl sounded deeply upset. "My parents were so upset when they found out that you couldn't fly that now they are afraid that..."

"You mean they're afraid that I'm handicapped in other places as well!" Briefly, Danny looked at the audience watching the discussion and commenting in their own language. He comforted himself with the belief that few Fnarians, if any, spoke Inter-Lingue.

Then, his blood seeming to chill, he paid attention to what Masyl was telling him. "They complained...to your authorities...degenerate off-worlder, trying to seduce you!" Briefly, the unfairness of that reduced him to speechlessness, allowing Masyl to break the rest of the news to him.

"So, you have to, Danny, otherwise the law will treat you just as it would anyone who tried to kidnap a Fnarian."

"Kidnap?" Danny said in failing tones.

"Yes," said Masyl mournfully,"a holdover from our equivalent of your blue laws. Fnarians have to get married when they do it, Danny, or what would become of the eggs in the nest?"

"We aren't going to have any eggs in the nest," Danny pointed out to her, by this time so frustrated that his voice was perfectly calm and level; ''Oh, that's just Danny Tobrin,and his seventeen little hatchlings. Aren't they just ducky?'

"If you tell them that, we'll never be able to get married at all,"Masyl wailed, "Oh, Danny, this was supposed to be special and you're making it a nightmare. I don't want to watch you die!"

"I don't want to watch me die, either,"Danny assured her fervently. "No way out at all?" Masyl shook her golden head slowly. Danny flinched but said,"In that case why don't you set the time for tonight so we can do this and get it over with?"

Masyl smiled at him lovingly, but said,"Oh, it can't be at night, Danny, no one would be able to see what we were doing!" Speechless, Danny looked at her and shrugged. Taking this for assent, Masyl was soon chattering away with her family, friends and associates about when they should schedule the ceremony, so that everybody would be able to come. She turned back to him eventually and said," The day after tomorrow will probably be best. Uncle Vlasto says he will give us special rates if we will hold it in the middle of the week."

Danny felt himself starting to fade in and out of the room. Red and black spots floated behind his eyes. "What are we getting special rates on? Platform rentals?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Oh, no, (******)"Masyl trilled at him, briefly loosing the interlingue equivalent.

"Binoculars," offered one of the bystanders. "Or maybe telescopes. You know, for seeing far away things really close up?" Danny gave the sophont one horrified glance and refused to look in that direction again.

"You'll just love Uncle Vlasto, Danny. He says that he can get us the platform for free by alerting the xenobiologists at the university. He says they'll be glad to pay for a proof of interspecies (******).

"Genital compatability," offered another bystander cheerfully.

Danny gave Uncle Vlasto, a foul looking bird if ever there was one, a distasteful glare.

Time flew by,as it were, and two days later Danny was looking at a structure resembling a large hammock, fastened to four different crags about 250 feet above the windswept, ochre plains of Fnarn. The wind was doing a good 40 kph and the 'platform' swayed back and forth, cracking in the wind.

"In there?" he shrieked,"Oh, no!" Other comments he might have made were cut off by a cold glare from the presiding official, who obviously had been informed about degenerate, low-life forms who yearned to violate innocent Fnarian hatchlings.Pictures of his life before he had met Masyl flowed through his mind: just graduated from college, one of the 2½% of college graduates who actually landed a job, he had been considered a promising salesman in the firm of Byproducts Extracting Co. Then he met Masyl, a beautiful golden avian, whose nest was the largest source of raw material his company had. It seemed natural, inevitable... until now. Hopelessly, he looked at the surrounding crowd, as he was lifted high in the air by two adult Fnarians and taken to the platform. "I should have realized that they were full of shit!"

They dropped him into the net from about fifty feet above; Danny's state of terror was abruptly abbreviated when he did a truly magnificent "SPLAT" onto the canvas-like platform. Upon regaining his breath, he began swearing with magnificent ingenuity, only stopping when he realized that the loud flapping noises he was hearing were most likely applause. "No doubt I have just performed the all-time Best Interspecies Belly-Flop," he said to himself sourly.

The applause suddenly became much louder as, with smooth sweeps of her beautiful wings Masyl joined him. "Are you all right?" she inquired anxiously, "I told them to be careful, but they have trouble believing that you can't break your fall even a little bit!"

Holding his bruised anatomy tenderly, Danny said, "Let's get on with it, before something even worse happens."

"Sure," said Masyl, obviously cheered by the idea that Danny had become adjusted to the idea of the Ceremony. Smiling, she leaned over his body and ran her beak, incongrously soft, along his cheek. Meanwhile, her hands were busy, first with the ties of his shirt and then undoing his kilt. Dutifully, Danny ran a hand along the sensitive collar bone, down to her warm downy body underneath. Looking up for the last time, he was greeted by the sight of Uncle Vlasto, passing out telescopes from a large sack carried against his stomach. Masyl noticed his body stiffen, his teeth begin to grind and made the connection between this and the direction of his gaze. Carefully, she adjusted her wings to form a semi-circle around his head, trailing her wing-tips down the inside of his thighs as she did so. Involuntarily, Danny stiffened and then relaxed.

The differences between Masyl and a human were large enough to be intriguing he thought to himself, yet by no means insuperable. Not being able to kiss her lips was a trifle distracting, but the sensitive area under her neck, down along the collar bones to immediately under her wings... Masyl made a rilling noise, and moved her dexterous end-feathers even further up his legs and very very softly began to stroke his cock, singing softly in her own language.

Relaxing in spite of himself, Danny began to smile and reached out, holding her body closer to his, running his hands over her, enjoying the closeness and, to his surprise, the anticipation. 'Well, why not,'he thought muzzily,'it was a spectator sport during the Renaissance.'

Suddenly he wanted her rather badly, audience or not, and using the language of his hands, told her so. Her trilling laughter became smoother and the body heat within the cavity created by her wings soared. She wiggled forward and he reached down, seeking to guide himself with his hands. Catching him by surprise, Masyl flapped her wings once, lifting herself, and then allowed herself to fall, impaled by Danny. Urgently, now, he thrust upward again and again, seeking relief for the tensions racking him.

To the fascinated spectators hovering and wheeling overhead it seemed as if the twosome had achieved a rhythm which matched the frantic flapping of the canvas platform in the winds.

Finally, with one last convulsion Danny felt himself being lifted into the air and then landing and bouncing on the canvas platform, his body thrashing convulsively, entwined with Masyl's.

Slowly, Danny came back to the happening world. The sound of applause and cheering filled the air.

Uncle Vlasto's raucous voice dominated the noise of the winged audience. "Encore," he was calling, "encore."

****

Does this story describe a fly-by-night operation? or, a better question yet........ Isn't this the hard way to get a piece of tail?

-Ed.

****

"You know, T.V. is really beginning to get to me -- I spend more time turning it on than I do my girlfriend."

- Tomas B. Morrison III

****

A Pair by Joyce

C'mell was a glorious feline,
For her door, every man made a beeline,
But she loved Rod McBan,
Who took one look and ran
'Cause he wasn't quite up to a she-lion.

When lust filled a dragon of Pern,
The males of her Weyr she would spurn.
For none did the things
That could rattle her wings,
So she'd wink out and go back a turn.

-J. Rubin

****

There was a young ensign named Chekov,
A big cock he had, my! one heck of.
The girls wouldn't cope
With even one grope --
Their pussies his size made a wreck of.

-M. Nielsen

****

Another Pair

A completely irascible Triton
Had insatiable lust for a Titan.
Said "I love to be near her
But each time I spear her --
Who knows if we're fuckin' or fightin'?"

A mage from the Torturer's Isle
Has a habit his friends all revile-
He hates whips, chains and hooks,
But he does it with books --
So they call him a bibliophile.

-J. Rubin

****

Bare Bones Ballad

- Marianne Nielsen

Dr. McCoy, no longer a boy,
Had urges too hard to disguise.
He'd follow the fem and drool like a BEM,
And comment on thickness and size.

The good Captain Kirk, McCoy's style did irk,
So he told him to take R & R --
The Doctor beamed down to Fornica-town
And hunted up Ting-Ting Lemarr.

A Wrigley's delight, a succulent sight,
Dear Ting-Ting remembered alrighty --
With feathers and creams, a few moans and screams,
They'd worn away many a nightie.

Ting-Ting was kinky, her bedsheets were mink-y,
She'd rather screw two than one.
Two Doctor Bones, a couple of clones
Would double the factor of fun.

The punchline is corny, the doctor was horny,
And Ting-Ting had never been coy.
Bones was the best, to hell with the rest --
She'd double the real McCoy!

* * *

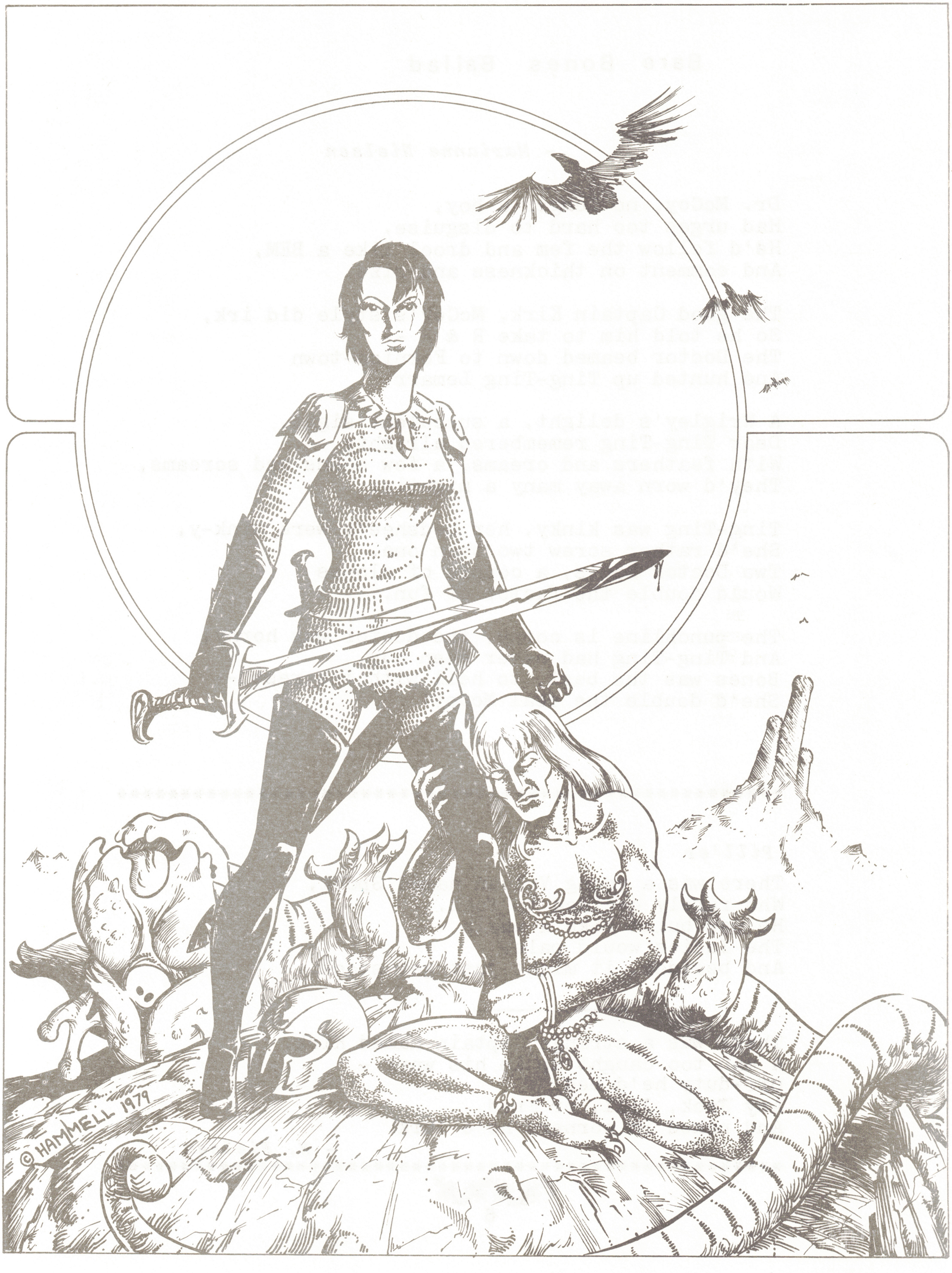
Fill'er

There was a young Vulcan named Spock,
Who rarely decided to fock.
He was built like a whale -
The ladies would pale.
And besides, it might just get stock.

There was a strange Captain named Kirk.
A man too caught up in his work -
Off-duty he'd bed
Any Jack, Jill, or Fred,
And naked in corners he'd lurk.

- M. Nielsen

* * *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Above and beyond...

- Tony & Yvonne Higgins

The sun beat down as Koral reined in her horse. At Captain Marna's command, the others led their animals to the water. Sergeant Koral surveyed the surrounding area; this was the furthest north she had ever been. In a way, she wished she was back in the city. there wasn't as much freedom as out here, but she at least knew what she was getting into there.

"What's the matter, Koral?" the officer's words intruded on her thoughts.

"Just comparing this with home," she replied. to break away from her musings, she asked "How long is it before we reach this town?"

"Holdan is just around that peak. It should take us about two hours." With that, they gathered the patrol and continued.

The hill village was almost large enough to deserve to be called a town. As they approached, Koral noticed a lot of the villagers were coming out to meet them. The captain rode straight to the inn, leading the queued patrol. Stepping from the doorway, the innkeeper offered a warm welcome.

"Hail and welcome, Captain Marna. We've a warm hearth and warm beds for your patrol. Come in; my daughters will tend to your mounts."

Koral was surprised at the interior of the inn. The cleanliness and care belied its rude exterior. The innkeeper's son was filling several tables with pitchers of ale and steaming trays of meat, fresh bread and cheese. She was suddenly very hungry. All the soldiers quickly fell to their meal. Once sated, they sat back and listened as their Captain asked questions of the innkeeper. Marna soon learned the details of the bandit activity that had brought the patrol to the area.

"Well, there's lots of work for us here," said Marna. "We'd better get a good night's sleep."

Koral felt a touch on her arm as she moved to join the others. She turned to see a youth standing behind her. Looking him over, she recognized him as the innkeeper's son.

"Yes? what can I do for you?"

"The others will share the common sleep room, he replied.

"So?"

"I would share my quarters, lady," he ventured.

She gave him a sharp look. "How old are you?"

"I am in my sixteenth summer," he squared his shoulders and proudly lifted his head. "I have the right to choose."

"All right, young man, I accept your offer and the responsibility for your teaching," she smiled gently and took his hand. "Come, let us attend to your first lesson. I have need of a hot bath."

Grinning, the lad guided her up the stairs. Behind, the innkeeper looked at the officer and raised an eyebrow in question.

"Your boy, Lors, is lucky," said the officer. "She's the steadiest hand we've got at the garrison, and she led the five who escaped the Arrs Pass massacre."

A smile spread slowly over the innkeeper's face. This, she thought, would be a dower indeed for her son.

Upstairs, Koral had another surprise.

She had never found one so early in his apprenticeship who already knew how to soap and massage a soldier's back well enough to please her.

She laid back and enjoyed his attentions, lazily watching the play of muscles across the dark-headed youth's shoulders and chest. She eyed him speculatively, looking carefully at the way his now-wet garments plastered themselves to his body. "Join me," she said, as a smile played over her lips.

Lors didn't bother to restrain himself as he stripped and clambered into the tub. The water was warm on Koral's skin, almost as warm as the eager hand that was moving slowly over the contours of her body.

"Easy, Lors, easy. The first thing you should learn is to take the time to do things right." At that, she thought, he wasn't doing too badly, especially for his first time. Both his hands were working now, touching areas of Koral's body that he had only seen on the girls in his dreams.

Pleasant as this enfolding warmth was, Koral decided is was time to move to a stage better suited to teaching Lors that which he had asked to learn. "Come, my lover-to-be, it's time we made our place for the night."

It was the fastidious habits of garrison life which made Koral pick up a cloth to wrap herself in as they moved across the room to the bed. Lors' eyes widened though, as he half-saw the features he had chosen along with his teacher. The life of a soldier had affected not only her habits -the muscles of her shoulders and legs had grown too strong for her to be called a beauty. Small streams of water ran down her long legs until she caught them with the towel. She looked up at Lors and smiled with pleasure; his interest was evident more than just in his eyes.

As they moved into the bed, Koral anticipated the youth's eagerness and reached for him. Lors' astonishment turned to delight as she touched his wrists, gently pressuring and guiding his hands to her finely shaped, though smaller than average breasts. The pace of his breathing increased to match hers as she ran a hand down his side to grasp the growing warmth which pressed against her abdomen. As her fingers gently massaged him, one of his hands moved down to stroke her thighs, and she gradually yielded to the insistent touch.

"Like I said before, Lors, take your time. Move softly, gently... that's it," Koral breathed softly. Slowly, hesitating, he moved his mouth to hers and as their lips touched she moved her tongue into his mouth, teasing his tongue into replying.

"Lay back, Lors," she pushed him onto his back. "There isn't any way you can keep control now, so I'm going to do something for you first." With that, she moved her mouth down to his groin, loving his body with her tongue as the moonlight rippled over both of them through to casement.

Lors moaned with excitement as she reached her goal, unable, as she had predicted, to control the trust of hips. Quickly, as she laved and licked his organ, he shuddered, arching, twining his fingers in her short dark hair. Gasping, he was given his first joy in a woman's arms.

The respite Koral allowed Lors was brief; not that he wanted it any other way. Both of them never stopped exploring each other's bodies. As Lors' interest once again made itself evident, Koral began to coach him.

"There you must touch me... softly, smoothly, move your hand over me.... that's it, yes... more softly.but faster.. faster.. yes.." she murmured.

At that, she pulled him closer, wrapping her thighs around him feeling the heat as she slowly guided his penis into her ready entry. A rhythm not unlike the pace of a watch-march, slow and steady, built between them as they drove themselves one toward another, into and around each other, until at first Koral then Lors, delayed by her first attentions, strove for, reached, and fell in pleasure from the peak of emotion. Holding him within her even after, Koral gave her final instruction for that evening.

"Remember always to be ready to speak if your lover wishes, but to be sensitive to her needs: a silence may be speech enough."

On the third morning, the troop saddled for the ride to the manor house where Captain Marna had decided to continue patrolling for the bandits. As Koral swung onto her horse, one of the soldiers made a sotto voce comment, "Between our patrols and her educational duties, she's hardly been unmounted all week." A stern look from the captain squelched further comment.

The ride to the manor house was, while beautiful in scenery, boring as far as the patrol's purpose was concerned. It was on their arrival at the manor that afternoon that the first disturbance took place. As the patrol rode up and dismounted, a red-headed youngster not a year older than Lors ran up to grab the reins of Koral's mount.

"Greetings, youngling," she smiled down at the boy.

"Greetings, Sergeant. I would offer you hospitality," he said. She replied "For what reason?"

"Lors is a friend of mine, he speaks highly of you," he grinned.

"I see," she said, "and you wish an equal education, hmmm?" He blushed and nodded emphatically.

As Koral was about to accept, a loud bellow broke across the yard. Turning, she was confronted by a big, rough-looking woman, whose heavy body strained the seams of her tunic and breeches.

"That stud, Sciroc, is mine! I'm breaking him in," she shouted.

Koral turned to the youth and raised an eyebrow in question. "No!" he shouted, trying to hide behind the horse he was holding. Turning back to the woman, Koral said "You heard him. He doesn't want you."

"Stay out of this, skinny, or I'll break you in two," the woman snarled, starting around the horse.

Koral slipped from the saddle.

"He chose and I agreed. If you want to argue, you'll have to speak to me."

The woman, angered beyond reason, yanked on the sword at her overflowing waist. Koral shook her head, smiling gently, and replied in kind.

Steel sang as the fat woman launched her attack. That first blow would have ended the fight, if any ordinary woman had been forced to parry the attack. Koral, though, turned it aside almost delicately. On the sidelines, a soldier turned to a house guard and said "Care for a small wager on the outcome?" Carefully looking the combatants over as they circled for an opening, the guard turned back. "That good, is she?" she questioned.

Sure there was no chance of a bet, the soldier replied: "Garrison combat champ, three years running." They both turned back to watch the fight.

The heavy woman was starting to panic. She had only realized after the first exchange of blows that the slim woman she faced was a far more accomplished swordhandler than could be beaten by weight and endurance. She dropped under Koral's slash, reached down and grabbed a handful of dirt. She began to throw it in Koral's direction, but her arm never completed the swing. As she moved forward, Koral's blade slipped smoothly between her third and fourth ribs, and the woman dropped to the ground.

Koral wiped the sweat from her eyes, turned to Sciroc and said, "I hope you're worth the trouble."

Three nights later, Koral reflected, the red-head certainly had been worth it.

They sat cross-legged on the bed, but in a way Koral had only thought about before. Sciroc was sitting with Koral in the depression of his lap, facing him, her legs wrapped over his hips and crossed behind his back. They rocked slowly, savoring the lingering pleasure of their embrace. Koral moved her hips in a rythmn calculated to keep them occupied for a long time.

Finally, the pair began moving faster, or at least as quickly as their position would allow. Their breathing grew harsher, faster. Koral dropped her arms against the bed, put her feet to the bedclothes, and raised herself, then pushed down hard against Sciroc's thrusts. Gradually, the two built to the pinnacle and felt that bursting cascade of pleasure, though neither could say who had reached it first.

A few minutes later, Koral had recovered, and she was going to make certain that Sciroc would do the same, and soon. She reached down and grabbed the post that stood half erect between his legs. Slowly squeezing and releasing him, she increased the pace until he once again was hard and ready.

Koral rolled onto her back, pulling Sciroc over to her. As his mouth locked on to her hard nipple, she tugged on his penis, moving his hips to cover hers. He grabbed her hips, his hands gliding over to pull her upwards against him. Koral spread her legs, lifting her knees to open the way for him.

His tongue plunged into her mouth as he plunged into her, the twin spears of passion making her moan with pleasure. Their bodies moved like waves breaking on the shore, until both wre finally satisfied.

They greeted the morning in the same manner, pushing desperately in their last time together. Koral's patrol was moving on, and Sciroc wasn't going to let any chance go by. He didn't see her off; he had an errand to run to the village and he left before Captain Marna had gathered the patrol for the ride to a campsite in the mountains.

On the ride, one sharp-eyed soldier twice spotted bandit patrol riders among the hills, but she was unable to alert the others quickly enough to give chase. Koral was having trouble keeping alert after the restive night, but by the time they reached camp that evening, she had woken. Marna assigned her the first watch of the evening, which she passed without incident. The prospect of watch in the mid-morning speeded her way to the first quiet night of sleep the sergeant had seen in more than a week.

By the time the sun was halfway to the zenith, four of the patrol wre making a sweep to the surrounding hills. Koral stood watch as in the creek lower in the valley the rest of the soldiers washed away the dust of yesterday's road.

Suddenly, Koral heard a man's scream. Instantly alert, she spun towards the cleft where the creek entered the valley in which the patrol had set up camp. She ran towards the sound, and a man, naked, broke from the trees surrounding the stream and ran panic-stricken towards her. Koral soon found out why.

"Dragon!" she breathed, as the reptilian creature cleared the brush and moved relentlessly towards the man, and incidentally towards Koral. She ran forward, drawing her sword as the man ran past her gibbering with fear. Sensing, rather than reasoning, the new element of opposition, the creature halted its headlong bloodlust. Regarding the woman with slit eyes,it moved its head as smoothly as a snake, forcing Koral to shift position time and again as it circled, confident as an unthinking creature is of the outcome. But the very hesitation its limited intelligence had chosen proved its downfall. Koral, with nearly blinding speed, dove under the dragon's twisting head, driving her blade upward and deep as she slipped under its armored body. Almost as an afterthought, its tail and claws began slashing at her, shredding her leather trappings. Finally, it ended its throes and lay quiet.

As Koral picked herself up from the battle area, the blond-headed man whose appearance had precipitated the fight ran up to her, collapsing at her feet and thanking her profusely.

That was how the rest of the patrol found them; she with her drawn sword dripping reptilian blood, the blond crouching at her feet, seemingly afraid to leave his savior. Marna approached, and between the captain and her sergeant, the man's story was coaxed out of him.

He had taken up with the bandits some weeks before, but had become frightened of continuing in those ways when word of Marna's patrol to the area reached him. He then set out alone on foot, a thing brave or foolhardy (Koral thought the latter) in these hills. After several days of wandering, he had decided to bathe. He had left his sword with his clothes, but when the dragon appeared, he discovered he wasn't as close to his blade as he'd thought. In panic, then, he'd run from the woods straight into Koral's aid.

The blond, who would have been called pretty save for being a man, had been simpering at Koral's side as he began his story. But as he realized that Marna held the power in this group, be began moving to her, looking at her as he spoke.

As Marna saw what was happening, she shot an appealing glance at her second in command, almost begging for someone to rid her of this cowardly, dependent wretch.

Koral nearly laughed out loud.

That night, as Koral lay wrapped in her sleeping robes, she smiled again. The blond and the dragon; Sciroc and Lors(adventurous, those two! They were going to be a danger to the women, if not to themselves).

This trip had certainly been, she thought, an educational experience.

****

A young courtesan (so we're polite) of ill-but wide-WIDE-spread-repute was rapidly overstaying her welcome on the space station housing the Star Fleet Space Academy. In order to keep her well-rounded posterior out of the local brig, Ting-Ting decided to shift her scene of operation. It had also become obvious that, while the cadets were enthusiastic customers, they were not necessarily the best paying.

As luck would have it, Ting-Ting managed to stow away on board our favourite Federation Starship. Ting-Ting managed to hide herself rather well among the 400-odd crew members. And she made her living rather well too. The whole situation was coming along splendidly until Ting-Ting made a very unfortunate mistake - She tried a "Hey, Sailor" on a tall, pointy-eared officer. After all, he was kind of sexy looking in a green-blooded way.

The Captain was not sympathetic, he ran a clean- blooded, All-American ship and Ting-Ting was persona non grata.

The Enterprise was on it's way to deposit Ting-Ting at the nearest Starbase when it received a Priority One message to divert it's course to the Akt Solar System to cool down a small interpanetary altercation. Their other duties temporarily set aside, the Enterprise warped to the rescue.

It was too bad someone at Star Fleet Command forgot to mention the brand-new, never-seen-before-in-a-Star-Trek-plot stun torpedoes the two planetary combatants were using. As soon as the ship was in range, the whole crew of the Enterprise were knocked out colder than a penguin's ass. Ting-Ting, the torpedoes didn't affect at all - probably due to her already well-used and well-exercised immunity system (occupational hazards, you know).

400 lives became her sudden responsibility. Taking swift action, she managed to contact the two warring planets. Relying on her legendary ability to sell - and screw- anything or anybody, she somehow negotiated a truce.

The crew of the Enterprise revived sound and sane (they always do) and thanked her profusely. When asked by the oh-so-grateful and appreciative Captain Kirk why she had stepped in and saved the lives of her would-be prosecutors, Ting-Ting demurely replied: "Oh really, Captain, I'm not such a bad sort -- I just wanted a Peace of the Akt Sun."

- Marianne Nielsen

****

There was a young Vulcan
named Spock
With emotions, some said
like a rock.
A face like a mask-
A difficult task....
When he lusted after the Doc.

-M. Nielsen

****

I've got eight balls!!

-Georges (Selectric) Giguere

****

I can make you a man*

-Keith Fenske

In just seven days . . .

Marian Cheswald was drinking coffee in her kitchen one Saturday afternoon when the back door slammed and someone came running noisily towards her. She had just finished reading about how to be a perfect lover, and wanted to spend the rest of the afternoon thinking of all the sexual wonders she could try with her husband that night, but her son, Bobby, came into the kitchen, shivering with excitement.

"Oh! Mommy, mommy, mommy!" squealed her eighteen year old son. "She asked me! oh, mommy! She asked me!"

Marian wondered if Bobby was going to have another one of his fits, the way he was acting.

"Calm down, for once. Who is she, and what did she ask you?"

Bobby was panting; he must have run all the way home to tell her.

"Louann Greniski! She asked me! Oh, mommy, mommy, isn"t that just the gushiest!"

Marian had never heard of Louann Greniski, but she didn't worry to much about that. All young girls are alike; they all expect too much of the boys.

"Yes, Bobby, Louann is the gushiest, if you say so. How far did she ask?"

"All the way! Oh, mommy, what do I do now?"

"This is your first time with a girl?"

"Oh, yes! Mommy, I'm so happy I could cry! I don't know what to do any more!"

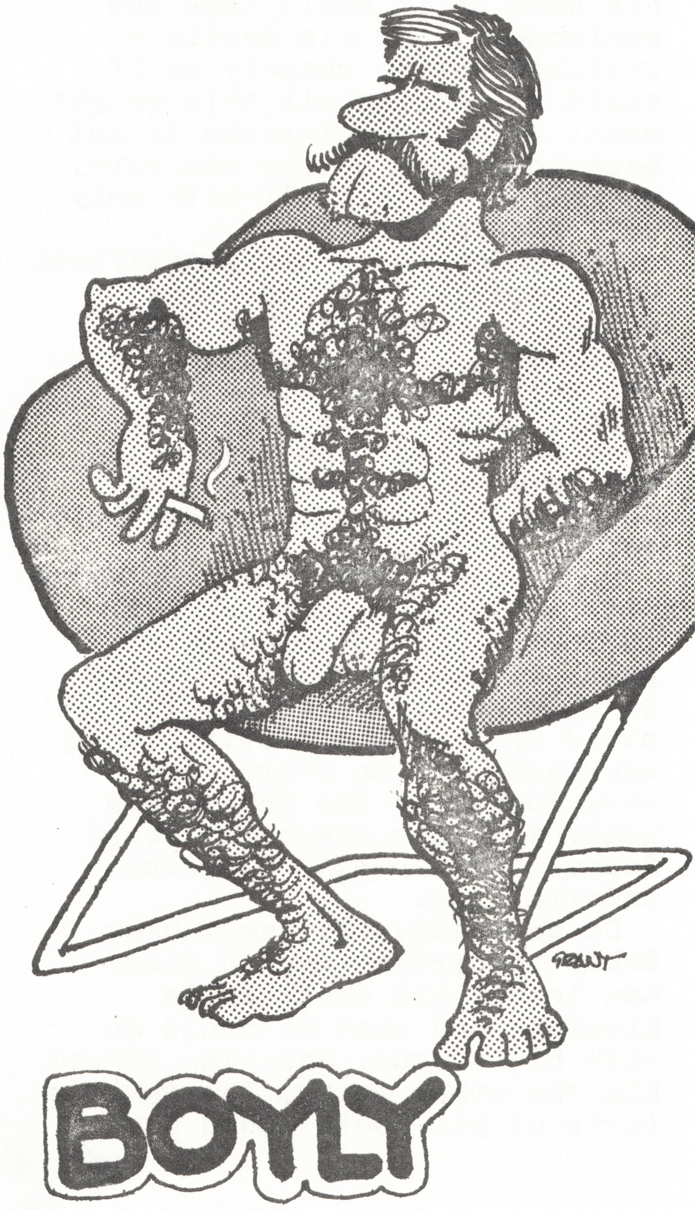
Marian was pleased with her son. He had finally grown up. Well, he had a lot to learn before he could go see Louann.

"When does she want you?"

"Oh, my mommy! I can't believe it! Next Saturday night! I get to do it with her on Saturday night!"

That's almost enough time, thought Marian, we'll have to rush to get him ready, but it'll be worth the trouble.

"Okay, Bobby, come to your mommy."



Bobby went to Marian and sat on her lap.

"Now listen to me. We only have seven days to get you in shape, so we can't waste any time. Now here's what we're going to do . . ."

Marian explained her plan to Bobby, and this is how it went:

That night, Marian helped Bobby learn the most important exercises by sacrificing the night she had planned to spend with her husband.

On Sunday, Bobby was covered with plastiflesh to build up his shoulder and arm muscles, his thighs for added strength, his back so it could take the punishment, and his derriere until it was as shapely as it could be. Adding all this weight meant he had to exercise to get back in shape, but he was sore, so Marian let him off with only soft treatment.

On Monday, once the plastiflesh was properly fastened, they worked on improving his one instrument of destruction. This was extremely agonizing for Bobby, but it only had to be done once, and from then on he was very satisfactorily hung. He exercised as much as he could during the night.

On Tuesday, Bobby was implanted with impressive tufts of hair in four important places: a patch along his chest that had to be power raked before it stood up right, a distinguished moustache but no beard, and wavy locks for the top of his head. With his new hair, Bobby found the evening's exercises entertaining.

On Wednesday, Marian taught Bobby the proper way to kiss, how to use his mouth while kissing, and what he could do with his tongue. She also showed him the other things the various parts of his mouth could do. Bobby began to like exercising with his mother.

On Thursday, Marian did Bobby's fingers, toes, and nails. She gave him the most masculine digits she could think of -- and then exercised them on herself. Marian began to enjoy teaching her son.

On Friday, a touch of twinkle was added to Bobby's eyes, making him ready for his evening with Louann Greniski. While he rested, Bobby thought of Louann. How could she match what his mother had done for him? She was young; could she know as much as his mother did? Could she be as good in bed?

On Saturday, Bobby kept asking himself if Louann was really all he had thought she was. There's so much more to a woman than what Louann had showed him.

Bobby Cheswald went to Louann Greniski's house, and the two of them were left alone.

Just as Bobby had been prepared by his mother, Louann had been prepared by her father. They faced each other in their prepared bodies, each wondering how their partner could possibly be everything that their parent was. They were young and uncertain. They thought they knew all the ways of love. They didn't know what more they could do.

Bobby and Louann tried to do as they had practiced, but it was no good. They couldn't make their loving go right. They simply couldn't do it.

They cried all night, comforting each other in their failure.

And learned another of the ways of love.

. . . I can make you a man.

*Author's note: "In just seven days, I can make you a man" is a steal from The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

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The adventures of Tim, the cat

- Diane Walton

Timothy H, Cat-Burglar Extraordinaire, and Artist of Ill Repute, slowly opened one eye, to examine what was left of the morning. Satisfied that he was still alive, he opened the other eye.

"Good morning, darling" purred a sultry voice in his right ear.

"Good morning, darling" purred a sultry voice in his left ear.

"Murfff," purred another voice - somewhat below his waist.

"Good morning, girls," answered Tim. "I hope you slept wel- Yipes!!!" he stopped in mid-sentance. "Sylvia - how many times do I have to tell you - not after you've brushed your teeth! That's c-cold".

"Murfff," replied Sylvia-who had not noticed the interruption she had caused.

Ah-well - Tim mused, Sylvia always was a single-minded female.

Extracting himself from the array of tangled limbs - some of them being his own, he proceeded to make a mental check of the day's agenda. Breakfast of course. Perhaps oysters today - hadn't had seafood for a long time. One tires of Cornish Hens so soon. Besides if he saw Desireé tonight - he'd need all the help he could get.

After breakfast, then what? The thought of working was so mundane - Timothy sighed deeply but the rent had to be paid.

He didn't have any paintings in progress at the moment. The Drunken Dragon number had been pretty popular with that Rich Widow on Ramses III. Dragons were a dime a dozen. But then again - so were rich widows.

What then, if not Dragons? Barbarians and Maidens, perhaps?

Right!! Timothy slapped a hand to his forehead, suddenly remembering the new commission he'd taken on the evening before. The couple from Brevicon IV who had wanted him to paint them in leather and chains. Tim yawned - no imagination. But their money was as good as anybody elses, so on to the studio. Come to think of it - they had mentioned something about meeting him there at noon. People who are kept waiting have a tendency to not pay their bills on time. Timothy hurried.

As it happened his fears were groundless. Mr and Mrs Whytely-Smythe ("Just call us Cuddles and Sweetbuns") were not early risers. As a matter of fact, they appeared much the worse for wear when they presented themselves at Timothy's studio door.

"Er-good morning?" ventured Tim, not bothering to check his watch.

"Murph" replied Cuddles. Or was it Sweetbuns? Hard to tell as they were dressed unisex.

"Oh, do you know Sylvia?" asked Tim, making a feeble attempt at humour.

"Let's knock off the name dropping, duckie" answered the other entity. "We're here to sit for that picture aren't we?" At Tim's nod, she continued, "Well let's get on with it shall we?"

Tim agreed. The less he saw of these two, the better. "Good your costumes are in the next room. I took the liberty of designing them myself."

"Costumes? Who needs costumes?" This was coming from the female of the two, which by now was rather obvious. Very nonchalantly she was disrobing - leaving nothing to the imagination. Tim's imagination, being of a sensitive, artist nature, began to work overtime.

At a nod from his wife, Cuddles followed her example. Tim's glance took all this in with a certain amount of aesthetic appreciation. Nicely hung he thought. And mustn't forget those huge tracts of land. Perhaps the day wouldn't be a total loss.

Sweetbuns finished undressing, piled her clothes demurely in a corner & stood facing Tim squarely. Not quite certain of the propriety of the situation, he tried to look her in the eyes.

"Now...." she announced, slowly rolling her tongue around her lush lips, "Your turn."

"Say what?" asked Tim vaguely. He had long since given up the eye contact.

"Take your clothes off, duckie", answered Cuddles.

"Uh-h-h-h, well I don't usually work in the - I mean I do like to wear a smock. Paint spills, you know."

"Not to worry, luv." chuckled Sweetbuns. "We'll use watercolours."

"WE?" gulped Tim, suddenly beginning to realize that he was fast losing control over the situation. This realization made itself even more noticeable when, at a signal from Sweetbuns, Cuddles began to tie a leather thong around Tim's wrists, and another around his ankles.

Oh no, groaned Tim inwardly. Why did I have to get this place soundproofed?

Sweetbuns was humming softly as she busily reached into a large leather bag and pulled out an assortment of small brushes and jars of paint. She chose a jar, opened it, carefully dipped in a brush, and walked towards Tim, slowly and deliberately with a feral gleam in her eyes.

"Don't worry, Precious. This will be quite painless. Probably rather enjoyable."

"But" protested Tim, weakly, "I'm ticklish!"

The soft bristles of the brush made contact. Sweetbuns grinned. Tim fainted.

When he regained consciousness, Tim found himself lying on the floor, still trussed up like a turkey. He'd been stripped to the buff, but that wasn't the worst of it. He managed to lift his head enough to observe the activities that were going on around and about his person.

Mercifully, the painting had taken place while he was totally out of it, so he didn't have to contend with the tickling. But, Tim gulped, What next? He was coloured, and quite well, he noticed, with a startling array of whites, yellows, reds, browns, in swirls and blobs, arranged in some sort of pattern.

"Enjoying the paint job?" inquired Cuddles. "Sweetbuns is very talented, isn't she?"

Tim was compelled to agree. In fact, in his present position, he couldn't very well disagree. He was, well - somewhat vulnerable.

"I'm not quite done yet." Sweetbuns' voice drifted in from the kitchen, where sounds of activity could be heard.

How can she think of lunch at a time like this? Tim mused. He was beginning to itch. The paint was drying. Aloud, he asked, "I know this may seem like a strange question, but what are you planning to do know?"

* * *

"My, you are an impatient fellow, aren't you?" said Sweetbuns, entering the room, carrying a large mixing bowl. "It's all very simple. You see, I'm something of an artist, myself. I'd wracked my brains for weeks, trying to think of a suitably smashing birthday gift for Cuddles, here. He's so cute, you know. Always deserves the best. And the best he shall have." She began to spoon something cool and wet over Tim's body. "There now," she crooned, "Isn't that nice?"

"Uh - I suppose," agreed Tim, completely mystified. "But what.....?"

"I finally found just the right gift," she said, triumphantly. "You!!!"

"Excuse me?" said Tim, weakly. "I mean, under normal circumstances, perhaps I wouldn't be adverse to the idea. But why the paint job? And what is that stuff you're pouring over me? It's getting cold!"

"Easy, my pet. " replied Sweetbuns, neatly dropping what Tim recognized to be several maraschino cherries into the midst of the gooey mess. "That's whipped cream, of course. And you have just become the world's largest, simulated banana split!"

"You mean......?" stammered Tim.

"Exactly," answered Sweetbuns. "The dear boy is wild about them. Happy Birthday, Cuddles. He's all yours!"

Tim gazed, in wide-eyed astonishment, as Cuddles knelt down and buried his face in the whipped cream. The shock on his face slowly turned to surprise, then to mild astonishment, pleasure and finally pure ecstacy.

"Enjoying your present, luv?" purred Sweetbuns.

"Murff, " was the only reply.

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I've always been of the opinion that no banana split is complete without nuts. - Ed.

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J. Norman Gets His

He held the black whip, coiled at at his side. The woman stood before him, a look of defiance on her face. He didn't understand this expression - he had been told that all women wanted it - actually begged for it.

He raised the whip slowly, brought it to his lips, and caressed it with his tongue seductively. The woman remained silent, watching him.

"It's really quite pleasant," he crooned. "All you have to do is give it a try," his hands tightened around the whip, and felt curiously sticky. "Who knows? You might even enjoy it."

She sighed, and her look became one of resignation. His heart began to beat wildly as he realized that she would, after all, submit to his desire.

"All right," she said, "I'll try it this once. But I already told you, I absolutely detest licorice!!"

D. Walton

****

Diane seems to have a fondness for sticky sweets.
-ed.

****

Hose job

- John Mullock

MELINDA, a sleek and deadly starship, clove the atmosphere of the earth-type planet. Her tubes emitted the characteristic blue hue of hydrogenated fuels as she settled majestically towards the waiting space port below. With a delicate increase in thrust the ship paused above the scorched landing field, then gently eased her bulk onto the outstretched landing legs. Hydraulic rams cushioned the descending weight as power was reduced until relative silence once again dominated the surroundings.

In the control room Jeff sat waiting quietly in an acceleration couch. The jolt of touchdown was followed shortly by a bell chime.

"Another nice landing, Melinda. Anything happening about us?"

Beside his right ear a soft female contralto voice spoke from nothingness.

"All's quiet. A few surprised glances at our arrival but other than that just normal port activities. I'll maintain only normal security precautions unless something starts to happen."

"Seems reasonable to me. I'm going ashore on a routine inspection. I'm not sure when I'll be back but if something brews up contact me on my implant."

"Will do, Jeff. Have a good time in town."

Jeff left the control room and descended to the main airlock. The doors were already open and fresh air was being circulated into the ship. After weeks of recycled air it was a welcome, although definitely more odorous change. Jeff had begun to descend to the ground below when he heard a voice behind him.

"Hey, Jeff?"

"Yes?"

"Do me a favour, why don't you? You've been very preoccupied and even a little touchy lately. You need a little R&R, so why not see about getting your oil changed and your bearings greased while you're in town?"

"Melinda...you may be an overgrown, smart-ass pocket calculator, but I'm also beginning to suspect you read minds part-time."

As he walked away a gentle laugh rang within the ship behind him.

MELINDA was a 'brain-ship'. Inside her core was a human brain who's only body was the ligonite hull. Her senses were all electronic but nothing occured within a large radius of her without being noted. Her intellect was a computer and was to the early computers as a laser rifle is to a club. Combined with Jeff she formed a specialist team for the Federated Planets. Other such 'specialists' existed and although small in number their abilities knew few limits and their striking potential was awesome.

-2-

It was late evening in the bar and Jeff was nursing a drink which had already been preceeded by many others. He had hoped to forget his earlier problem in today's activities but if anything, it had only gotten worse. The basic inspection of the planetary government had gone well. No real problems or need for his services. It was when he had decided to cover his personal projects that things had gone wrong. The fiasco at the local bank should have been a warning. Oh, the manager had been happy to speak to him and had been duly impressed by his credentials, but with the Universal Transaction System out of service for maintenance, still would not honour his request for funds. Perhaps he should not have suggested that this was ridiculous - as after that comment the civil atmosphere had evaporated. So here he sat spending whatever happened to be in his pockets and it, too, was going quickly.

Then there had been Rianna. Rianna the beautiful - Rianna the lustful - Rianna the married. He had met her on Bunion's World while delivering medical supplies to that epidemic-stricken planet. She had been a medical technologist and, although tired and worn, had struck a responsive chord in his heart. The thoughts of her young beauty and those days and nights spent together was enough to send the blood pounding in his veins. Feelings of anticipation and nervous excitement had led him as he walked towards her residence - only to be brutally dashed when his knock was answered. She was still beautiful but the wrist band and the two children peeking out from behind her had told the tale. It had been awful. She introduced him to her husband and invited him for dinner. For some strange masochistic reason he had accepted. Dinner was a disaster. Stilted conversation and lingering silences turned out to be the main course. Finally it had ended and he had retired in disorder to this bar.

Hours passed as Jeff drank. Slowly and methodically one glass followed another while outside evening folded into night. With his money all but gone and thoroughly torpedoed he left the bar. The streets were empty of all but a few hurrying citizens as he stumbled off in the direction of the space port.

"Spin your propellor for you, sailor?"

Jeff's eyes, driven by a befuddled mind, searched the shadows to his left and at long last, saw a worn-out, middle-aged woman lounging in a doorway.

"Only if you take credit."

"Get lost, bum!" she snapped.

Shrugging his shoulders in wry amusement, Jeff turned the corner and reeled along humming a silent tune. Behind him the smallest of sounds attracted his attention and he started to turn. Too late, his tranquilized brain screamed a warning at the sight of a descending arm. Something smashed against the side of his head and he fell into a pool of blackness.

-3-

The police patrol moved slowly down the street. Two enforcers, energy screens shimmering about their bodies, flashed lights into every shadow.

"Can't be very far away, now. How could anyone be stupid enough to come to this part of town at night?"

The other enforcer, older and with lines already around his eyes shrugged, his eyes never leaving the street in front of him.

"I wonder why HQ ordered us here, anyway."

"Listen, partner - HQ's orders were simple enough. Locate and pick up an off-worlder who had been attacked in this vicinity. Now quit wondering and keep your eyes on those shadows. You never know who's in them or what they're armed with."

Minutes passed as the patrol advanced. At last a light beam caught and held the huddled form of Jeff. Moving quickly to the prone body the young enforcer held out a medical tell-tale while the older man scanned the area.

"This must be our boy. He's still alive - just. Call a pick-up unit and we'll take him to a hospital."

"HQ. This is patrol 212. Have located missing man. Injuries severe. Scramble a hover unit for evacuation to hospital."

"Affirmative, 212. Hover unit 56 notified. ETA three minutes. Be prepared to..."

A sudden silence fell upon the police frequency to be replaced by a female voice.

"Attention, Planetary Police Central and Units 212 and 56. This is Federated Planets Enforcement Ship MELINDA. By the power invested in me according to Section 47 Subparagraph 19 of the Federated Constitution you are ordered to make immediate delivery of the injured man to me on pad 3 at the space port. This directive must be obeyed. Please signal compliance."

"Units 212 and 56. HQ advises you are to follow those instructions without question. Acknowledge!"

"212."

"56."

As soon as the hover unit arrived Jeff was loaded. Both enforcers climbed into the back and crouched quickly as the vehicle, in a scream of protesting turbines, accelerated toward the port.

"Who is he, anyway?"

"No idea, but he must be important - or very much wanted. Never heard a brain ship exercise the power to supercede local authority before."

"A brain ship? Never even knew there was one in port!"

With that exchange silence fell inside the speeding unit. Ahead the bright white lights of the space port grew ever larger.

- 4 -

Consciousness returned to Jeff slowly. There was no pain but the slight metallic taste in his mouth told him he was heavily medicated. Even with his eyes shut the bright light still hurt.

"Jeff. How do you feel?"

Surprised, Jeff's eyes sprang open. A quick glance about showed that he was in MELINDA's sick bay. A medical robot stood nearby clicking quietly to itself.

He opened his mouth to demand an explanation but closed it as vague out-of-focus memories came flooding back to end with the descending arm.

"Melinda."

"Yes, Jeff."

"What happened?"

"Well, I was doing a routine check on your whereabouts and received only marginal life signs from you. I ordered the local police to locate and deliver you here. According to their investigation you had likely been attacked for your money. Since then you've been unconcious for slightly over sixteen hours."

"How bad are my injuries?"

"Concussion. Fractured skull. Assorted bruises. Marginal blood loss. You're recovering quite nicely now but will still be bedridden for another couple of days."

"Well, whoever the culprit was, he certainly didn't get much money. I vaguely remember drinking most of it...hey, you don't think you could report that I fell down a stairwell or something? It's kind of embarassing, getting mugged."

"Sorry, Jeff. You know the rules as well as I do."

"Oh, well, I don't suppose they'll fire me for getting careless this once."

"Probably not. Look, Jeff, I don't like to interfere in your life but there's been something bothering you lately. This binge of yours, no doubt is the direct result of some problem. Would you be willing to tell me what it is so I could at least try to help you solve it?"

"You couldn't help. Not this time, anyway," was Jeff's reply with a slight shake of his head. "Thanks, anyway. I think I'll just sleep on it."

Jeff closed his eyes. Melinda was a little hurt by this blunt refusal of her assistance, but she could see by the set of Jeff's jaw that further conversation would be pointless.

-5-

Days passed and MELINDA returned to space. Jeff, recovered, resumed normal duties.

He had changed somehow. Moody and introspective, he spent long hours in his cabin staring at the ceiling. In desperation Melinda finally decided to have it out with him.

"Jeff, what's eating at you?"

At first there was no answer. Jeff simply remained still on his bunk. One arm rose, then fell heavily onto the wrinkled blanket beside him.

"You have a right to know, I guess. What's bothering me is .....me."

"I don't understand. Could you explain what you mean?"

Once again there was a silence before Jeff started to speak. Each word left his mouth as if it had been carefully selected and found distasteful.

"It started a long time ago but only came to a head a few days ago in sick bay. I was feeling sorry for myself about that last shore leave, particularly about that situation with Rianna. I had anticipated so much and found nothing. I never felt so alone in all my life."

"But you're not alone."

"I know that. There's nothing like a little self-psychoanalysis to get at the roots of things. I realized that what I had really wanted was to use Rianna go forget someone else. I wanted to get rid of a developing infatuation for someone else - knowing that it couldn't work."

"Go on please. I think I'm beginning to catch the drift of this, but go on."

"Okay, Melinda - let's make it short and sweet. I've fallen in love with you." Jeff turned an anguished face outwards. "God help me, I'm in love with my space ship."

"Jeff, that's the nicest thing you've ever said to me. I've waited a long time hoping and praying you'd say just those words. I've been in love with you for over a year now."

"You're in love with me?" Jeff sat up in bed and started laughing. "Boy, are we a couple of misfits. We're both going to end up in the looney bin at this rate." The laughter continued to come but became more and more hysterical in tone."

"Jeff, listen to me. Jeff! JEFF - STOP IT!"

Jeff, startled by the whipcrack snap in her voice, quieted. With an obvious effort, he regained control of himself.

"When they put my mind in this

ship, Jeff, they left my emotions intact. The original objective was to allow me the capacity to make decisions based on more than facts. Some decisions are more feeling than anything else. A partner was also selected for me. Someone who was completely compatible. Although any combination was possible, the most common was a male/female mix. Given the conditions we work in, long term association and mutual dependence, love became almost inevitable."

Jeff turned his head slowly.

"You mean this has happened before?"

"Many times. In fact I'd guess over sixty per cent of ship teams end in a love relationship."

"Somehow that all seems so esoteric when there is no outlet for physical love."

"But there is."

"Huh?"

"You see, when this problem first came up, it was obvious that a solution would have to be found, or else lose teams of good agents."

"What was the solution?"

"Androids."

"Androids?"

"Yes. Basically, an android is constructed which meets both your requirements and at the same time by own self image of what I think I should look like. An interlink system is established so that my mind can control the android's response from within the ship. As such, I will be able to feel, see and react as a real human being, yet still function as your ship-based partner in other, more duty-oriented situations. So, you see there is a way out for us, but one basic problem still remains."

"Which is?"

"Jeff, could you honestly be able to, and be happy with, making love to a machine? A subtle, human-appearing machine, but still a machine?"

As the meaning of Melinda's words sank in, Jeff lay back on his bed. His forehead furrowed in thought. Silence, only interrupted by whispering ventilation fans, hung heavy in the room.

"I don't know. I really don't know. The idea strikes me as strange but not repulsive. I'm going to have to think on it. Please leave me alone to think. I'll have an answer in the morning."

"Very well. Good night, Jeff."

There was no answer, as Jeff's eyes were already fixed, unfocused, on the ceiling.

-6-

Jeff did not sleep for hours that night. Finally, he seemed to reach a decision and fell asleep. The next morning he awoke early but lay in bed for a while before rising. Twenty minutes later, showered and groomed, he walked into the control room. Melinda, who had refrained from even saying good morning, waited quietly.

"Melinda."

"Yes, Jeff." came a small, half-whispered reply.

"It took a long time to resolve everything in my mind. I've almost formed an answer but I need to ask you a couple of questions."

"Shoot."

"You obviously know more about these androids than I do. Just how good is it? By that I mean, can you...well, feel everything?"

"Yes. It's completely human in appearence so that it would be difficult to tell apart from a real person. The body has a full network of sensors so that all feelings are relayed to me. Heat, pressure, pain, pleasure - I'd be able to feel them all if I so desired to feel them."

"Here's the most important question. Is it what you want?"

"Jeff, I have wanted this for a long time. To be a ship is exhilarating, but to also be allowed mobility and to be free to love, well, that has always been my fondest desire."

"Then I would be happy to be able to love you and make love to you in any form I could get you."

"Jeff...thank you," was her only reply. " I think we should go home."

"Yeah. What's for breakfast?"

With the decision made, Melinda set a course for base. Much had to be done before all would be ready, but the time would seem short.

-7-

Hours later MELINDA still floated in the ebony darkness, her nose pointed at a distant star which was home. On board, Jeff lounged in the command couch.

"Jeff."

"Hmmm?"

"You remember you said that you'd be happy to make love with me in any form I came in?"

"Yes?" was the puzzled reply.

"Well, I've just thought of a short term solution which we could use until I get my new body."

"How?"

"Turn around."

Jeff turned around. Slowly the hatch to the control room swung open. Into the room swept a ship's vacuuming unit humming to itself and beckoning a nozzle enticingly.

"Melinda...!"

Jeff's comment died, as once again melodic laughter filled the ship.

****

This story is dedicated to Anne McCaffrey and a lovely lady, Helva, whom I fell in love with.

- J.M.

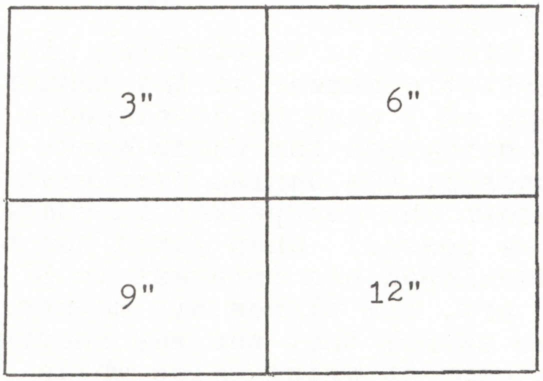
****

Games People Play

The following puzzle was suggested by John Mullock to give this zine a touch of class. After all, Shakespeare is class, isn't it?

So here it is:

WHAT FOUR SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYS ARE REPRESENTED BY THE FOLLOWING DIAGRAM?



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ANSWERS:

3" = "Much Ado About Nothing"
6" = "As You Like It"
9" = "Midsummer's Night' Dream"
12"= "Taming of the Shrew"

****

Tim Hammell is the mysterious mustached observer often found in quiet corners at West Coast science fiction and fantasy conventions. His faithful sketch book is never far from his hand.

Tim Hammell is rapidly becoming known as one of Canada's top genre artists. His work appears regularily V-con, Noncon, Norwescon, Westercon, and many of the other western conventions. In the last few years, his work has been published in "Dark Fantasy", "Copper Toadstool", "The Late Show", "Cinefantastique", and numerous other professional and amateur publications. Tim has been known to take on projects as diverse as letterheads, nametags, children's books, and designing the logo and poster for Cinemagic Visual Effects of Baltimore. His most recent venture involved designing a record album cover for Energy Discs of Vancouver.

Tim admits to starting his artistic career at the tender age of 3 when he developed a fascination for Woody Woodpecker. (He denies ever having drawn the Woodpecker in suggestive poses.) When asked how he developed his interest in SF & F art, Tim blames his mother. He swears that she was reading a copy of Weird Tales while having him. He says, "She threw away the magazine and kept me." This was in August, 1952.

When asked why he created this particular painting (the original of this painting was displayed and sold at V-con 7, 1979) Tim answered, "I felt like doing a dirty picture. You always see women and animals in pictures, I wanted to do something different. So I did a man and a dragon."

Tim is also becoming well-known----er, notorious? for the original and rather kinky costumes he's been designing for convention costume bacchanals. His most outstanding one to date, in Ye Ed's humble opinion has been his very individualized "Rocky Horror Revisited", first seen at Noncon I, 1978.

Tim Hammell

****

"Fallen Angel, Risen"

by Tim Hammell

(on next page)

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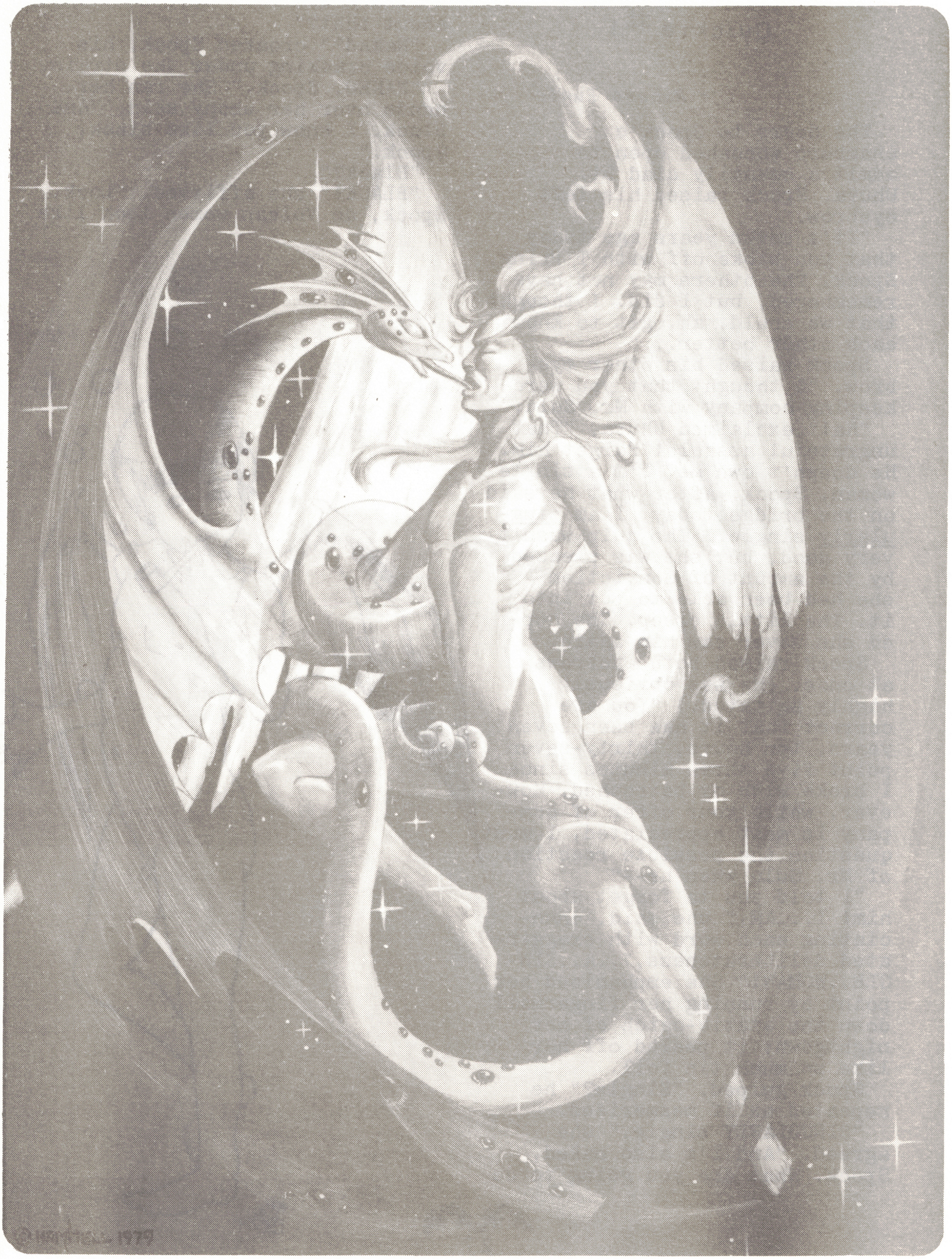


1979

Quickie #1

- Robert Runté

The doors to Spock's chambers whooshed open to admit a scantily clad Lt. Uhura. Spock raised his left eyebrow.

"It's seven years ago today that you broke off with T'Pring, Spock. The others may not have remembered, but I did. I thought that we could, ah, get to know each other better..."

Spock raised his other eyebrow. "I thought that you were keeping company with Mr. Sulu."

"Ha!" exclaimed Uhura, "That ungrateful asshole! Forget him. He doesn't own me! I'm a single woman, Spock. After what he said on the bridge today, I am singularly single." The quip wasn't very good, but she was pleased by the amount of conviction she had been able to put into it. The little creep. She hoped she never saw him again.

Spock raised both eyebrows at once. (He was obviously highly agitated.) "You are correct that it has been seven years, ten hours, thirty-seven point five three minutes since I broke with my betrothed. However, while your offer of company is most appreciated, I must question the possible reaction of Mr. Sulu when he--"

"I told you to forget about him! I...AM," she said, enunciating each word with exaggerated deliberateness,"..A..SINGLE..WOMAN!" She emphasized her point by running her fingernail down the static-catch of her nightgown; it peeled off her like so much tin foil.

Spock gulped. "Single?" he repeated as if mesmerized.

"SINGULARLY single," she agreed. "And I'm also naked, Spock. What are you going to do about that?"

"Naked?" croaked Spock, his voice cracking under the strain.

"NAKED, Spock." She ran her hands over her ebony skin. "And Black. I know you like black, Spock."

"Black?"

"BLACK!" she affirmed. "Look, Spock, do Vulcan women look like

this?" She had lowered her hands to her lips and was spreading them carefully, if a little breathlessly.

Spock, his voice now distorted by his heavy breathing, managed to say, "Actually, the female organs of your species are fully compatible with those of Vulcans as is readily apparent in the fact that my own mother was --- ."

"Oh, fuck your mother," she said, "Stop lecturing and DO something!" She didn't mean to be disrespectful of his mother, but she was getting a little hot and bothered by this time, and she had been rather patient with him. After all, any other crewman would have, ah, grasped the situation by this time.

Spock reached out a trembling hand towards her legs. "Well, purely out of scientific curiousity I would like to just touch it if I may ---"

Suddenly the door chimes rang furiously. Sulu's voice beat through the door, "I know you're in there, Uhura! What are you two doing?! Let me in or I'll break down the door!"

Uhura gasped as she hastily tugged on her nightgown. Spock composed himself and answered the door. "Yes, what is it, Mr. Sulu?"

Sulu burst into the room. "So this is how you behave when my back is turned!" he screamed at Uhura. "Slut! Whore! How could you?"

"Really, Mr. Sulu, what is the matter?" Spock asked calmly.

"We were just discussing, uh, astronomy, weren't we, Mr. Spock?"

"Dressed like that?" demanded Sulu. "Ha! Well, we'll soon see. It's a well known fact that Vulcans can't lie. So, Mr. Spock, just what were you talking about?"

"Why, we have been discussing black holes and naked singularities...." replied Spock innocently.

****

-M.K. Reid

INTRODUCTION: About 3 weeks ago a UFO sighting and landing was reported south of Leduc. By the time investigators reached the site, the only evidence to be found consisted of a burned circle and a pile of miscellaneous articles. The following is an incomplete translation of the document found wrapped around the remains of some species of ichthoid creature. Unfortunately the paper-like material dissolved after 22 hours, and left only the following fragments:

"Two mature, well-adjusted Zxylls, looking for third, object- helufunion. No triflers or Xzylls need apply."

"Jovian protomale, completely winged, needs out-system being, preferably insectoid, for interesting testing of interstellar relationships."

"Vegans--looking for a good time on Antares III? Call 111-65-738-99-4613-1872-996-402. Null-grav fields, ammonia baths, and delicious attendants(specify raw, medium, or well-done).JEXTRF'S HOUSE OF DELIGHTS.

Translator's note: It is currently under hot debate whether or not a mistranslation in the text may have occurred.........

****

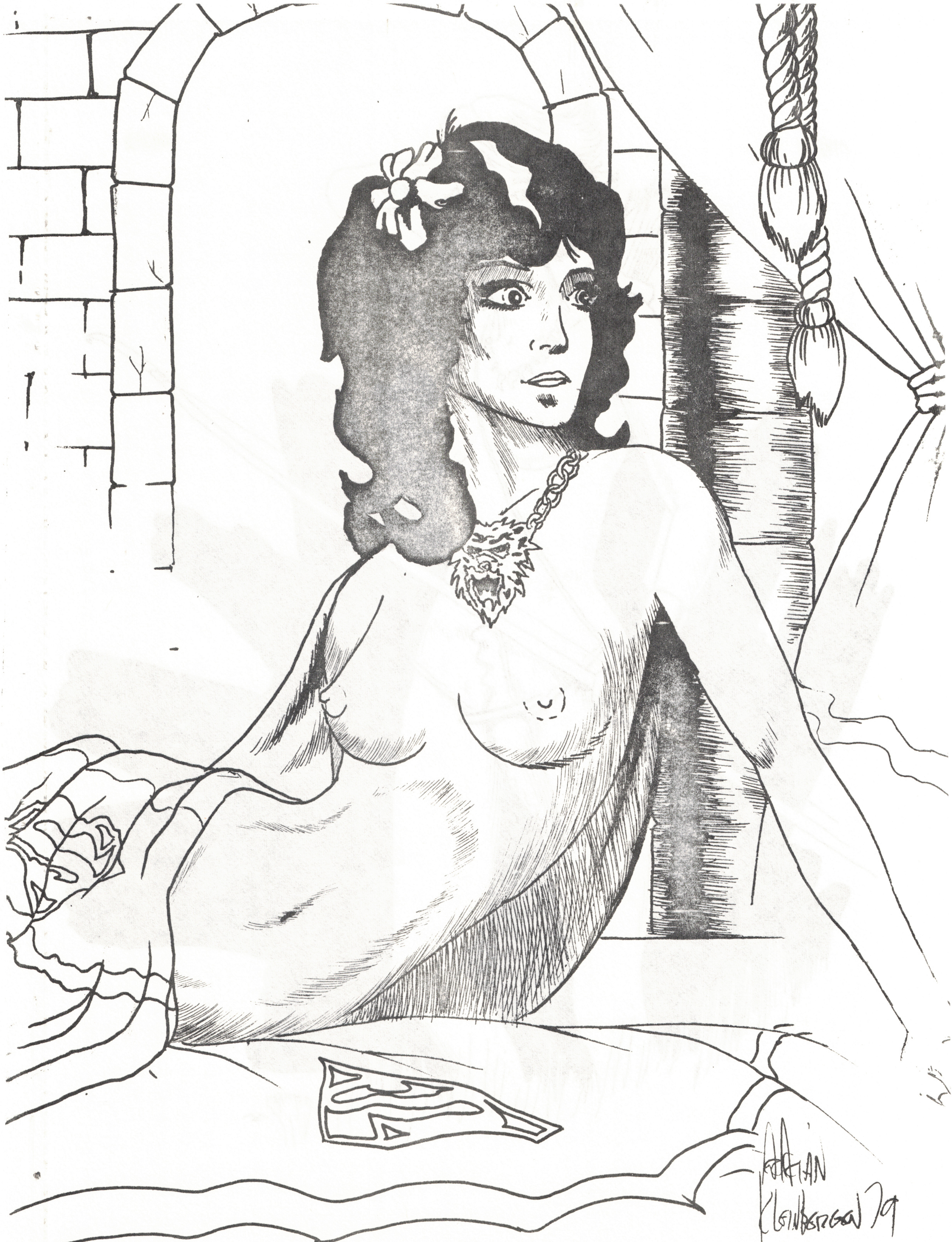
"Faster than a speeding bullet"

****

From the tip of his "S" to his toe,
Miss Lois made Superman glow
When he saw with a wink
That her panties were pink
Stitched with "EAT ME AND I'LL MAKE YOU GROW".

- *Christine Kulyk*

****



Adrian
Kleinbergen 79

MacKay

Memory-maker

- by Georges Giguere

It was a good day for walking her lands, this almost-summery time, though Lina. The district she watched over was covered with small clouds scudding over quickly; the breeze was easy, and the trees talked among themselves. The wildlife of the district watched the archer walk through their playground and continued playing. She shifted her quiver; the leather of the strap was new and at times chafed her shoulder.

Crossing a grassy field, she absently bore left from her accustomed path. There was a small pool fed from the creek that passed though the south of the district; she wanted to wet her feet, and it was an easy change from a mild rut to head there. One had to make what diversions one could, when the only other people she saw were the Lady's provisioners, and those only every three tendays. Still, she did not regret the lack of company; she had by nature a solitary mind. When physical needs pressed her, she relied on her memories of past comforts and made do. The animals, and the clean air, and her meditation rock were all she needed.

Approaching the pool from around a moss-covered hillock, she heard splashing noises. Her first notion was to take cover and approach with stealth; she had not been made aware of any visitors ahead of time, and, as Lady Tyn's estates lay far to the south of the family estates it could easily have been someone she had no familiarity with. Lina faded easily into the underbrush, leaving little indication of the fact. When she reached a suitable vantage point, she reached for an arrow and nocked it onto her bow, then cautiously peered out into the pool.

A man muttered at himself while he picked at tangles in his chest hair. He was short and not too-terribly attractive, but had capable looking arms and a muscular back covered in small scars. The contrast of the scars against his skin was odd to Lina; then she saw the oddity - his skin was blue-grey. She had never seen such before, nor even heard of it. Then she noticed many small differences between his body and those of the men she had taken as lovers - the lines of the thigh were wrong, and his elbows were rounded instead of pointed. Still, the overall effect didn't repel her. Noticing he had left a shirt of chainmail and his weapons by the side of the basin, she decided to fulfill her obligation to the Lady Tyn and find out what a stranger was doing on the High Lady's game preserve. Keeping the arrow firmly nocked, she moved into view of the pool and addressed him.

"Ho, outsider! What do you here?"

The man gaped in mid-scratch. She realized that her appearance had something to do with it; after all, not every day is a man interrupted in a bath by a woman nude but for her bracelets. She spoke again, "I said, what do you here?"

Composure regained, the man answered,"Why, washing, it would seem. What do you here?"

"I watch over these lands for the Lady Tyn, who owns them. It is not usual to have trespassers making free of the property. May I remind you that I'm asking the questions," Lina said, lifting her bow slightly.

He shifted and moved closer to her. With a smile she noticed his manhood had grown to full erection in spite of the chill of the water. A small compliment, that."Merely travelling from the south," he said,"I had no idea I was trespassing. It's been a while since I had the chance to bathe, and this seemed a good opportunity."

"Aye, you smell. As you've fouled the water already, you may as well continue. What is your name, and what manner of man are you?"

"My friends call me Gav. As for my ancestry, I assure you it's human enough; my father's people travel little out of their land and are little known otherwhere," he said, going on with his ablutions. "You said you watch over these lands; isn't it unusal for a woman to take a man's job?"

She bridled, then realized he was baiting her and calmed herself. "My employer was looking for a stable person she could trust and that one is I." Restoring the arrow to her quiver, she moved to the pool's edge, close to where he had left his belongings. "Stay downstream." Shifting her knife from her crotch to her side, she sat at water's edge and wet her feet. "Small joys," she whispered to herself, quietly below the wind in the trees.

The man Gav seemed to have finished and looked at her. "May I dress? You do have the upper hand and the higher ground."

She stood, regretfully; she had wanted to spend more time at the pool, and now had to send this interloper back on his way.

"What is your name, huntress?" he asked while dressing - a mailed shirt, a leather singlet, a soft pouch, dagger, and sword seemed to be all his possessions.

"I am known as Lina, man," she answered. "We will go now."

"And where is that Lina," he said. "Are you so solitary that you would send a visitor on his way without so much as a by-your-leave?"

"I need no visitors, man Gav. I get what I need from the land and from what the Lady gives me."

"Have you any ale? Or food to spare? It's been a long time and I can pay you."

She stopped and looked at him. Well, it was all her own judgement anyway, and she had wanted a diversion earlier. "I've heard that before. I'll see what I can do."

By the time the two of them entered the clearing she called her home, the energy between them was much more amicable. She found he had a wit and the sense not to use it too much, and he found she was deeply into her way of life. After sharing drink and breaking bread, she showed him her own small world: the storage shed where she kept her arrows, food, and other supplies; the view of the ravine a stone's throw away; her cooking pit.

"But where do you sleep? I saw no room here, or even a lean-to. Surely the weather isn't always clear?" he queried.

She answered, "I have a place by the ravine; it's a rock shelf covered in moss. It serves me well - join me, I'll show you."

At the place mentioned, the man admired her handiwork and took in the area. "You live with no man," he said.

"And you travel with no woman. What of it?"

"Would you like to share love with me?"

The directness of the question set her back a little. After a moment she answered, "Yes."

They had left behind their weapons and his mail while they ate. As he moved to hold her, she was again struck by the small oddities of his body. Half a head shorter than she, he still conveyed a certain strength that was reassuring. She stroked his back and leaned her head down to kiss him. His tongue examined her teeth, and parted them for a more langorous sweep of her mouth. She reached down and caught his buttocks in her hands. She enjoyed a muscular body. His left hand cupped a breast while his right reached behind her head to give himself a gentler leverage.

Breaking their embrace, she took his hand and led him to her sleeping rock. This was to be the first time here, and she wanted him on her bed. She sat him down and kissed his mouth, and went on to kiss his face, and ears, and lay further small kisses on his body. Suddenly he embraced her and lay her beside him, running a hand down her side. She stretched sinuously, feeling his body touching hers all along. His lips nibbled gently on her ear; she gasped, and stroked his belly: firm, flat, and fluttery too. He kissed her breasts and ran his tongue around the aureoles, blowing gently, till the nipples stood up with excitement. He advanced further toward her nether regions, stopping when she kissed his belly and nibbled the small hairs there. He gasped when she tongued his bellybutton, then did the same to hers, with similar results.

Continuing downward, he brushed her dampening crotch with his beard; she breathed deeply. Moving aside the curly hair with his fingers, he stroked the line with his tongue, savouring the flavour and texture. She, by that time, had found the way under his singlet and peppered his cock with small kisses. He was hard and long; she ran her tongue down the length of it, stopping to lick the end, where a small bead of liquid had collected. He shuddered with delight, and applied himself to her with renewed vigour. His lips traced hers and found increasing wetness. Parting her with his tongue, he sucked lightly, all the while keeping in motion; though he realized she was ready,he was enjoying the play of mouth to crotch they were involved in. She continued licking him, and put her lips around his glans, reciprocating the head he gave her. Her breath came in gasps; he continued eating her lovingly, and soon she became overwhelmed by the tide of sensation. She forgot him and gave herself to her passions, with loud exclamations. As she shuddered, he got up, wiped his beard, and placed his throbbing member between her thighs. She reached down and took it in hand, guiding it easily and slowly. Their embrace became more fervent; she lifted her legs and wrapped them around his back, and he started pumping - first slowly, then adding more speed and depth with each stroke, rocking her body back and forth. She moaned, then again more loudly, and again and again, and he started feeling that unmistakeable sweet feeling at the base of his sex, climbing to the top, stroking deeper and deeper till her entire body tensed - he continued doggedly, moaning with happiness, and suddenly she cried out, "No! Oh, Lady, no!" Stroking further, he was also awash in orgasm. They were utterly aware of each other and shared in that awareness, glorying in the final solution to loneliness.

Lina opened her eyes and looked into his; she saw that there was more to come in the way he considered her. Wordlessly he lifted her legs behind and around him and moved to a crouch on his knees. With a surprised look on her face she started to speak. He hushed her with a fierce kiss to her mouth after the first word,"Still..." and continued unhurriedly, savouring her texture. He was taking his enjoyment in different ways from those others she had been with before; his eyes remained open, taking in her reactions, seeking to please her as well as himself. The leisurely lovemaking continued with many embraces and wandering of lips over each others' bodies. The sounds of happy voices continued apace through the rest of the day, bothering none.

He withdrew from her as the small insects commenced their after-dark meal. She experienced a momentary sense of loss but was over it quickly; rose slowly, and walked to her cache of blankets. Soon the night would turn chill. Returning to the sleeping space she spoke, her first words in several hours.

"What sort of man *are* you?"

He spoke generalities, reassuringly, gently, and persuaded her to sleep with the word,"Tomorrow."

The next morning her questions nagged at her, but her better sense left it all until after they had broken fast. He sensed it, and anticipating her, said,"I will tell you a truth."

"Have you found time, then, to tell me any lies?"

Gav smiled and answered,"Of course not. The fact is, when you found me, I was well and truly lost. My landmarks seem to have changed somewhat."

Lina frowned slightly. How could a landmark change? Either it as there or it wasn't. "What were you looking for? I *do* know this land."

"If I could find a large tree with green and orange bark, close to a small hill with a brook between them, then I could find my bearings."

"Ho! Then you *were* lost. There's a place like that, but over an hour's walk from here, and quite far away from where I found you. Come."

The day, like the one before it and so many others, favoured her with sunshine to light their way, and cool air to fill their lungs. They walked hand in hand as lovers will, and she stopped often, pointing out things she loved about the land she oversaw. He took it all in with a constant smile, and looked at her as often as he regarded what she thought important. Once he reflected, "You take such a strong interest in this place," sweeping his arm to encompass all they had walked and all they had not. She retorted,"It's all I have. Do you love your home?" Pensively, almost sadly, he said,"Yes. It's been so long since I had the time to enjoy it, though." She understood and they walked in silence for a while.

Presently she drew up and pointed. "There's the hill. The tree you spoke of is on the other side." His step quickened; she sensed an agitation on his part. Minutes later he was standing at the tree, putting his palm to it.

"Lina, I will tell you more of myself."

She spoke. "You want to tell

me that, now you've found your mark, you will go on."

"Not only that. The tree - the last time I saw it, it was only half its present size, and this hill was not so lushly covered with growing things.

"I don't think you're mad, but neither are you over a hundred years old."

"Ah, there's a problem. When I told you I was not of a travelling people, I meant my people do not generally travel to this world."

She blanked. "What do you mean?"

"Lina, what do you know of other realities? I ask this because there are many places like this, and not all on this one world. People, some people travel between some of them. This land, your land, holds two, well, call them pathways to other places. I had left one and was going to the other when I got lost."

"If you lost your way, then how can a tree have grown ninety years since you last saw it? That sounds like a long journey?"

"Time passes differently in different worlds, when one uses the pathways. That's why one uses them only when one must; my homeland has passed through many years since I left it a month ago."

"And now you'll tell me you are on a holy quest?"

He laughed. "Hardly. I found what I left for and return now. See - " and he fished out of his pouch a small metal disc, featureless but for a notch on the circumference. "This is one man's lifetime of wisdom. It can help my land, and for it I forfeited what little I held dear in my home." His face betrayed his feelings, and seeing them nakedly, Lina held him close for a moment. Then she said, "Go home, lover. Remember Lina found you fair."

"I will remember you, good lady." With that he walked a short way from the tree, stooped over a small boulder, and lifted it. "Stay happy, as you are. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Gav."

The air around the boulder grew hard to look at, and with a step in an odd direction the man was gone.

In the sunlight a bird chirped. Shouldering her bow, Lina started back on her day of walking, having gained nothing as precious as a memory.

****

Quickie (Very) # 3

And now, a quote from 2001.
You can supply your own story.

"Dave. Stop. Stop. Will you. Stop, Dave. Will you stop, Dave. Stop, Dave. I'm afraid, Dave. Stop, Dave. I'm afraid. I'm afraid, Dave. Dave...I feel it. I can feel it."

-R. Runte

****

Fill'er

Her deft hands stroked his silky thighs. He stretched luxuriously on the waterbed, enjoying the careful attention she was giving to every inch of his lithe, supple body. With great care, she caressed his ears, then moved her hands downward over his body, slowly massaging his belly. He made small noises of delight.

"Nice kitty," she said.

-D. Walton

****

Quickie #2

- Robert Runte

"In other words, Spock, what you're telling me is that this alien intruder can assume any form it wishes, even pass itself off as one of us?" The Captain paced the briefing room nervously.

"Precisely, Captain." Spock's Vulcan calm remained undisturbed even in the face of this new revelation. "The tricorder readings I took before it escaped into the sick-bay indicated a molecular pattern almost identical to that of the Salt-monster of Regulus Vlll. As you will recall, the monster was capable of mimiking the appearance and behavior of any living being in order to get close enough to the victim to suck all the salt from his body."

"And we had to destroy it even though it was the last of its species" Kirk replied, obviously disturbed by the memory.

"But, Jim," said McCoy, "Don't you see that this is an entirely different situation? The creature on board now isn't any threat to us! It only eats silicone. All we have to do is protect the ship's metal supply locker and put guards on the observatory's window's plastiglass and it won't even be able to do any damage to the ship."

"I still don't like it, Bones." The Captain felt a nagging doubt in the back of his mind, something he should remember but couldn't. "I just don't like the idea of that thing on my ship. What does it want, what's it doing on the Enterprise? What is it doing right this second? It could be passing itself off as any of us at this very moment. We've got to find it and get it off the ship!"

"Jim, I tell you it can't do any harm unless it can get it's hands on a supply of silicone within the next thirty-eight hours. But you have go to get some sleep before you collapse! You've been up for nearly four days! Jim, you're no good to us swaying on your feet!"

"He's right, captain." Spock agreed. "We'll use tricorders to screen personnel entering vital areas so the creature won't be able to do any serious damage. Rest now, so you will be awake when we do find it."

Yeoman Rand was startled by the door chime as she lay in her quarters half asleep. No one could really relax enough to sleep soundly with that thing somewhere on board. She stood up and pulled on a loose silk nightgown.

"Come in."

Kirk, obviously bone weary and carrying the entire weight of the Enterprise on his shoulders, entered her small cabin.

"Oh. Captain," said Janice trying to sound formal and impersonal like the efficient officer she was, but still aware that this was the first time he had visited her quarters. Dare she hope it was for something other than official duty? "I was just--"

"Yeoman, I wanted to see, that is I hoped that you wouldn't mind...I, felt..." He had cut her off with a rush, but now his voice had faded out in a whisper as if he wasn't sure how to continue.

"Captain?" She couldn't see his expression properly in the still dark room, but she somehow thought that his face had softened. She wanted terribly to comfort him, but dared not misjudge his mood and reveal what she really felt for him. He trusted her to control herself like an officer, a professional. There was no room for romantic involvements on the bridge. Yet, if she played it too cool now, pushed him away the first time he seemed to be letting down his guard a little, he might never approach her again. She took a tentative step towards him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you. I shouldn't have come. I'll, uh, talk to you later on the bridge." He started to turn away.

Her emotions surged in confusion, half relieved that she hadn't revealed herself,half hysterical that her hopes had been so quickly crushed. But what had he come for? If it had been just business, why hadn't he just said it? Damn it! "Captain!" and this time she had not controlled her voice.

He turned back to her.

"Oh, Jim." And suddenly they were together.

His arms encircled her as they kissed with all the pent-up emotion she had hidden for so long. A detached part of her wondered, but without recrimination, whether he felt it too, or was merely seeking a release from the terrible tension of the last few days. He broke off and stood back half a step as he ran his hands up her back to hold her shoulders a moment, watching her. He slipped his hands under her nightgown and stroked her breasts. He was a little rougher about it than she would have liked, but she wasn't about to reject him now.

He lifted his hands to her shoulders again, but this time from within the nightgown so that it fell off her back. She stood naked before him as he lowered his head and flicked his tongue once quickly and lightly over her right nipple. Then the left one.

Meanwhile, back in the briefing room, the Captain was still pacing up and down one side of the table. "Damnit Bones, I'm not going to bed until I remember what it is that's bothering me! There is something important I should remember! What is it?!"

"Jim, stop torturing yourself this way!" McCoy urged. "Sleep on it. Give yourself a chance to remember! The creature isn't any danger to humans. Not even to Vulcans," he added looking over to Spock.

Janice pulled her arms tighter around Kirk and fell backwards onto her bed, pulling him with her, his mouth still locked on her breast. He started to bite it gently so that she moaned quietly.

"No, damnit, Bones! There is something else on the ship made of silicone, and I have to think of it before that creature senses it! What the hell is it? I know there's something else, something I see every day but never think of. What can it be? It's on the tip of my tongue..!"

****

A hairy and horny kzinti
Whose fur was all matted and linty,
Went looking for kittens
Who'd screw for a pittance,
Two mice and a bottle of gin-ty.

- M. Nielsen

****

Continued next . . .

-Rick LeBlanc

A tentacle slid towards the lithe nude figure on the sleeping mat. The female slept deeply, more than likely due to the exhaustion caused by the first day of survival camp on a hostile planet. The tip, seemingly having a sense of smell, passed between her knees. As it reached her flaming orange bush, a quiver ran along its length, nearly exposing the bulk of the creature. Another tentacle joined the first and both began to make stroking motions of such gentle nature, the female only sighed.

As one continued the motion, the other, the first, began exploration of the moist crevice. Sinuously bunching its muscular form into a slowly expanding blunt instrument, it fought the constriction of its quarters. Rising to the occasion, the second sped upwards to the heaving mounds of flesh. Grasping the protuberances with a random sense of pressure, it added to the symphony being played upon the persona of one Indra Bhahur, space cadet and hopeful graduate of the Academy of Proccis IV.

The firm, curvaceous, muscular (feminine status), long-haired redhead was now in the major throes of grand passion. Again and again she arched her back, giving impassioned pleas for continuance. Finally, exhausted, she slammed back down on the mat. The tentacles, realizing the end had come, quickly withdrew. Soon, a limp form rose and searched without success for an excuse for her dream.

Night after night, the "dream" repeated itself, without clew as to reason. Wondering if she would ever survive both camp and nighttime, she finally gained the gate of the ruins she'd taken eight days to reach. Finding a good safe place to settle for the night, she made camp. That night the dream changed; it seemed that she'd been taken from her tent.

Awakening, on a cold slab of hard stone, starkers, is in no way pleasant at the breaking of a cool dawn. Tentacles appeared, followed by a weirdly floating humanoid that seemed to be rather attached to them. He (it's possible you know) possessed all of a dozen of the fleshy appendages and by their pulsating expansion and contraction seemed about ready to use them.

WOULD THIS BE RAPE? WILL OUR HEROINE BE THE VICTIM OF THE HORNY TENTACLED BEING? STAY TUNED TO THE NEXT ISSUE OF WEIRD TAILS AVAILABLE ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS IN MOST CIVILIZED GALAXIES EXCEPT THIS ONE.

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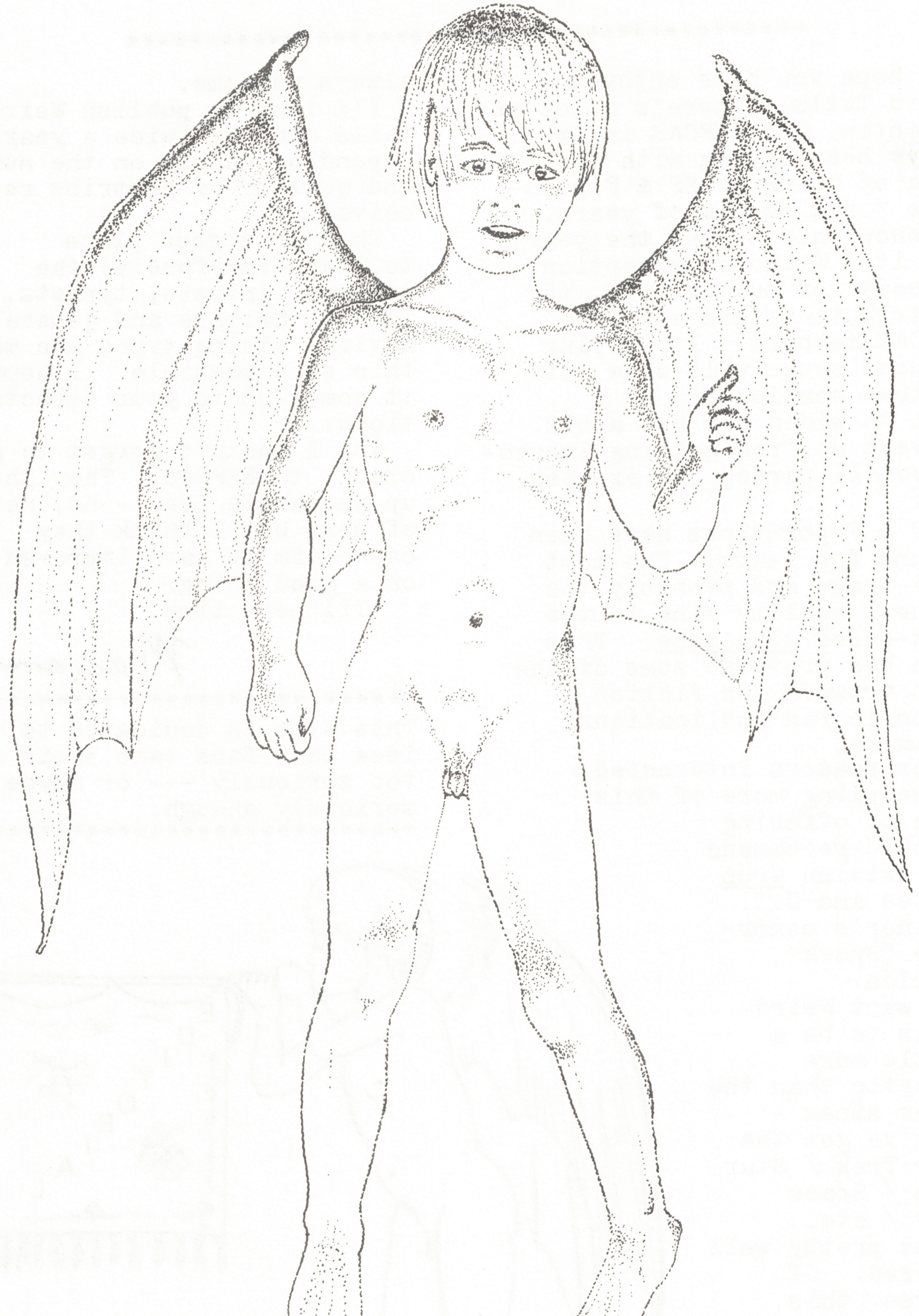

"Going my way?"
Dedication: To the Lysistrata Corps.

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I hope you have enjoyed Weird Tails. There's a lot of Edmonton and ESFCAS in it. We've been toying with the idea of doing an SF & F pornzine for a couple of years. Somehow this seemed the year for it. With the exception of some of our artists, the contributions are all from ESFCAS members. I'm hoping future issues will draw out-of-town contibutors -- I want to widen the net a bit. Prevent us from getting inbred- if you'll pardon the expression.

SF & F pornzines have been around for years. The most well-known and probably the highest quality zine is the Trek-based _Obsc'zine_. This zine has provided some of the best artwork and fiction found in fan publications anywhere.

For readers interested in sampling more of this type of offering I would recommend the British _Grup_ series and D.T. Steiner's memorable "Spock" stories.

I want Weird Tails to be a little more eclectic than the other zines - they've got the Star Trek / Star Wars / Space 1999 / etc. areas pretty well covered. Of course, this doesn't mean that Weird Tails won't consider publishing this "traditional" fare. Good work is always welcome.

I'd like to publish Weird Tails once or twice a year depending mainly on the number and quality of contribs received.

This is a good place to thank (profusely) the writers, artists, typists, lay-out helpers and general advice- giving types who made this zine possible. I hope it comes up to your expectations.

And I mustn't forget to give credit to ESFCAS. They thought up the whole idea - no, not of sex, but I think they can claim to have improved on a good thing.

'Til next time.

Marianne

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This zine is dedicated to the idea that fans take their sex too seriously --- or maybe not seriously enough.

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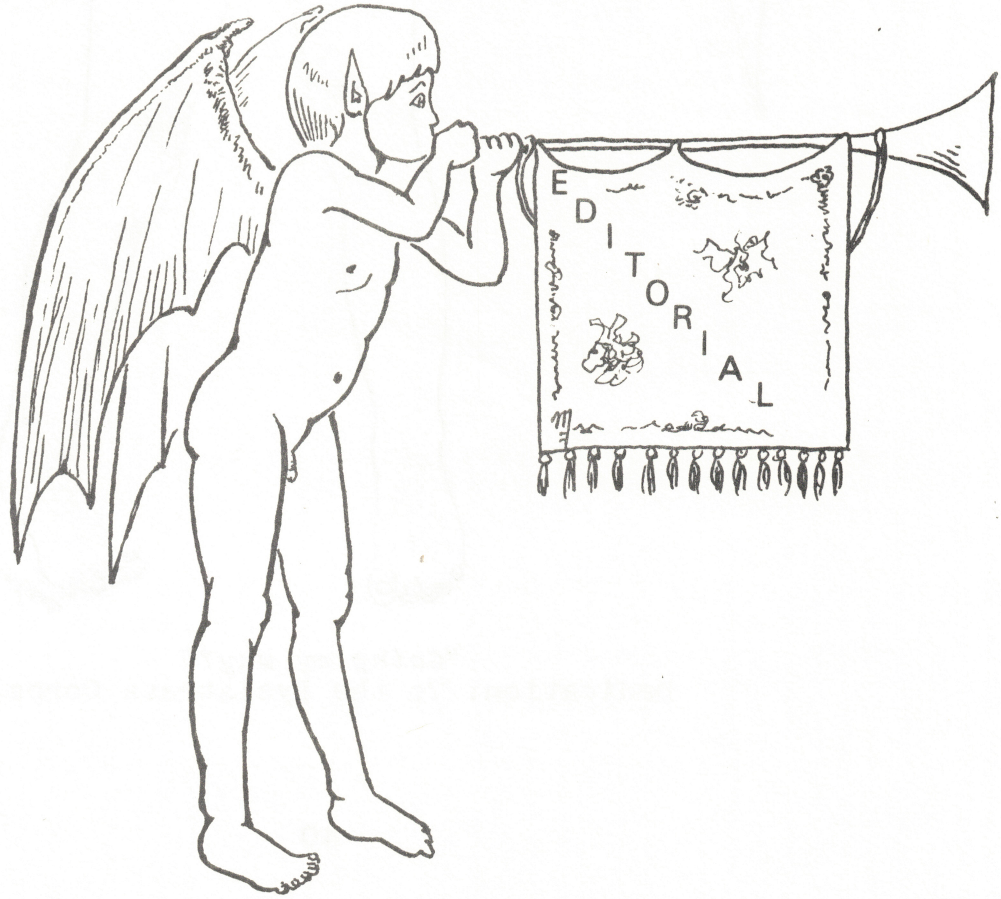

Princess Leia ran stumbling up the face of the sand dune in desperate flight from her pursuer. The Storm Trooper gained on her steadily as he ran panting behind her. She fell twice as the vines of desert creepers caught her ankles, tripping her. As she topped the dune, the Trooper was almost upon her. He lunged in a flying tackle which hit her in the back of the knees, and she crumpled like so much stacked straw. She fought wildly as he turned her over on her back and pinned her arms and legs with his own armoured limbs. He smashed her face with a gauntletted hand, stunning her. Gathering the thin white fabric round her neck into his oversized hand, he ripped the gown from her body. His massive hands began to paw her naked flesh as he forced her legs apart with his knee. Pausing only to remove his helmet and the lower half of his armour, he forced Leia's hand to touch his groin as his massive weight crushed her helplessly to the ground. Drooling, he pressed his huge mouth against her lips in a grotesque parody of Luke's tender kisses. Her hand, still held painfully in his armoured grasp, was unwillingly rubbing his weapon to iron-hard rigidity.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Princess Leia started to laugh. It bubbled up from inside her irresistably. The Storm Trooper sat back on his knees and stared at her in confusion. Leia pointed her free hand at the soldier's tiny tool and asked, "Aren't you a little short for a Storm Trooper?"

-R. Runte

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We just couldn't resist one more!

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YOU HAVE RECEIVED THIS PUBLICATION BECAUSE:

___ Despite fears of someday wishing you had never set eyes on this zine, you contributed.

___ I suspect that somewhere inside you is the perfect illo / story / dirty limerick for this zine.

___ You've done this sort of thing before, and might appreciate seeing how well someone else can mess up.

___ You have a deliciously weird sense of humour and will enjoy this.

___ You are a member of the Lysistrata Corps and really should see where your good name is being thrown about.

___ You once made noises about wanting to see a critter of this type.

___ For no reason at all, except that you're good people.

___ I love to watch people blush.